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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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THE RETROSPECT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

A memory—it is nothing more—
Of golden summer calms;
Of west winds wailing through green trees
Their saintly solemn psalms;
Blue skies, rare sunsets, love and youth—
Ah, what is Paradise,
If its grand glories are more fair
Than olden memories?
Enchanted lands on which we look
With tear-beclouded eyes?

Behind me lie those pleasant days,
Before me—ah, why look?
Let the grim Future's mysteries
Remain a sealed up book.
And I'll look back—there's sunshine there;
Dear heaven! how long it seems,
Since those sweet hours vanished away
And left me only dreams!
Dreams that are like day's farewell smiles
When the red sunset gleams.

Repining am I? not at all!
I know the way 's not long;
All things are held in gracious hands,
All lives to God belong.
Yet I can not at times forbear
From turning to look o'er
The gorgeous memories dead and gone
Of days that are no more—
Of royal days that can come back
To bless me nevermore!

MY COUSIN ALICE;

A TALE OF SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

I fear that the above title will disgust many readers, as our periodicals were glutted with spiritualism a year ago; but the fact is that I did not dare tell my story at the time when everybody was full of the subject, lest I should be claimed as a friend, or cold-shouldered as an enemy by the disputants in a controversy into which my inexperience utterly disqualifies me from entering. But I may now hope that the following account will be taken just for what it is, a narrative which does not bear upon the serious consideration of the question in any way whatever.

On the 18th of December, 1860, I was standing without a coat in the middle of my chambers, engaged in a violent contest with my portmanteau, trampling shirts and tearing at straps to a Lurline accompaniment, when my *strains* were interrupted by a knock at the outer door.

"It isn't a dun, and I know you are in, because I heard you thinging," drawled a voice that I knew. Rather disconcerted at having had an audience to my "Gentle Troubadour," considerably indignant at the assumption that I was in debt, and not so indifferent as I wished to the fact of being caught by so great a swell in such a state of disorder, I admitted Harold Ormond, a man of five-and-twenty, tall, with a good figure, regular features, pink and white skin, nice hair, and dressed as men are who make dress quite a study.

"How are you, old fellah?" said he, giving me a picture of a kid glove to shake. "I am glad I have found you in, by Jove!" and sticking his eye-glass in his eye, he surveyed my unfinished work. "What the dickenth are you up to?"

"I am going down to Suffolk to-morrow to spend Christmas with my uncle," I explained.

"That is just what I have called about; but, I thay, why don't you let your man pack?"

"Because I have not got one."

"By Jove! and so you pack yourself: I wonder if I could pack. Well, don't let me interrupt you; I'll sit in this easy chair and smoke, and we can talk all the thame. I thay, didn't I hear you thinging 'Fill dis cup with parking wine,' as I came up the staircase?"

This being a creditable attempt at jocularity for one of his somewhat solemn set, I rewarded him with sherry, and commenced filling a carpet bag with boots. Ormond settled himself comfortably down, and then said, quietly:

"I am going to Morton Parvus with you, to-morrow, to be introduced as *your* friend; did not Mr. Morton tell you?"

"No," I replied; "at least he did not mention your name; he said something about the pleasure they would all have in seeing any friend of mine, who had no better place to spend Christmas at."

"That is it, he meant me; only the old boy was cautious, seeing that there is no pothitive engagement at prethent. Fact is, I ought to have told you all about it before, but you live so doothid far Eatht. I am going to marry your Cousin Alice."

"Going to marry Alice! *You?*" cried I.

"Yaas," drawled the dandy, flicking off the ash of his cigar. "It is rayther a nuisance to have to get marwid so young; in justice to ones-if one ought not to do it before forty; but you see I shall come to the title some day, and so my people baw me, and as I hate to be bawed, I am going to sacwifice myself. I thay, I don't know anything about packing, but do you generally put tin-fer-boxes loose among shirts? because, if it's the thing to do, I don't think Williams does; and I'll tell him."

"And what led you to select our family for the honor of an alliance with the Ormonds?" I asked in a tone intended to be satirical; but I missed fire, for he took my speech as a compliment, and made me a graceful inclination of the head as he replied:

"Well, I met your cousin Alice a good deal last theathon, and thought if I must marwy, I had sooner it was her than any other girl. And I hinted something of the thort to old Morton at the club, and he of course was awfully glad, and asked me to come and thtay, but said that Alice was rather a self-willed sort of girl, and would set her face against the match if I was asked down on purpose to pwopose, so he said I had better come down in a chance sort of way as your friend; so Williams shall call and tell you the train I am going by."

"*I* am going by the half-past nine train," said I.

"What a baw!.. I don't get up till eleven."

"If you miss the train I mentioned you will not get to Morton Parvus by dinner-time."

"Rather! Well, then, I thall thee you at the stathon."

And he went away, I am happy to reflect, without receiving any impulse from my foot, though I never felt more inclined to kick a man down stairs in my life. Alice, that beautiful, soft, plump, rosy, witty, most winning and exquisite Alice, to be disposed of in this cavalier fashion! Why, at the rash and unreflecting age of twelve I had been in love with her myself, only my passion had burnt out for want of a drop of Hope-oil, and I had always wondered at the hard-hood of even Frank Jackson, poet, artist, musician, jockey, sparrer, linguist and Engineer officer as he was, in daring to make love, and in appearance not unsuccessfully, to that paragon of a girl. It seemed to me as if the man who should win such a Peri must be unlucky in everything else he undertook, seeing that all the happiness and good fortune which should have been eked out through his whole existence, must be exhausted to distil that drop of concentrated bliss. The prospect of such a joy being reserved for me would have made me miserable but some accident should rob me of so great happiness; would have caused me to take up wearing flannel waistcoats; to forswear mushrooms; to sell my guns; to shave with a Psantagenet guard on the razor; to eschew travelling by railway; to go miles round rather than pass under a ladder; to relinquish bathing. And here was an affected, insolent puppy, with nothing but a rather pretty face and a certain social position to recommend him, treating the matter in an off hand way, as if he was conferring a favor. The conceited idiot spoke of sacrificing,—I beg pardon—sacwificing himself!

And so Alice had forgotten all about the young Engineer officer whom she was so thick with two years ago, when staying with her aunt, at Ivybridge. Well, well, so much the better, perhaps, for her father would have never consented to the match. Still it was a bad bit of news to have to tell Frank on his return to England, and I should not have expected her, from all that I had seen, to fall in so readily with her father's views respecting Harold Ormond.

I found that sleek aristocrat at the station next morning, looking just as calm and neat as if he had not been disturbed at so unusual an hour, and became immediately absorbed in the problem which he presents to me whenever I meet him, viz., how on earth he manages to tie that peculiarly elegant knot in his scarf. I had plenty of time for the consideration of this point during the journey, for after a short discussion on the state of the odds, he sank into a gentle slumber, which was only broken once when his servant came to the window and aroused him at a junction available for sherry.

There was a station within a mile of Morton Parvus, the railway having passed through a portion of my uncle's estate, much to his lamentation and wrath. To this day he considers himself as having been irreparably injured by the innovation, though there are people who would not mind how much of that sort of injustice was done them. For when I say that the railway passed *through* the estate, I speak advisedly, as it tunnelled under a hill at its extreme northern boundary, and did not injure a rood of land, grass or arable; and for this innocuous trespass my uncle received ten thousand pounds; besides which some house property belonging to him in the neighborhood was, by the improved communication with the nearest town, quadrupled in value. But then my uncle disapproved of railways, and the penny postage, and geology, and all those sort of things on principle, and thought so little of the benefit his pocket had received, that he never even mentioned it when detailing his grievances to a stranger.

But we, whose ideas were more modern, and whose hands and feet were half frozen, were glad as we gave up our tickets that we had not far to go to a bright fire, a good dinner, and the warm reception given us by my uncle, an elderly, good-natured, stagey-bred, morbidly proud country gentleman, proud of his ancestors, proud of his position in the country, and, above all, proud of a reversion he had in a Banshee.

I do not know how it is, perhaps we Morrions are of Irish extraction, for I believe the Banshee to be a Paddy; but, however that may be, our fortunes are mysteriously bound up with those of a black cat. Whenever any calamity is about to happen to the head of the family, pussy is sure to make her appearance with dilated eyes and electric tail.

Now one winter's night, when my uncle was a lad of eleven years old and home for the holidays, he was reading the "Castle of Otranto," in the dining-room, and having finished the first volume, lit a candle and proceeded with a silent, cautious step (his father lying ill at the time, and the house being kept very quiet) to the study for the second. On turning from the book case he fancied that he saw the curtain which festooned over the window move, and when, to put an end to the dread which came over him, he advanced towards it, a black cat flew out at him, dashed through the open door and disappeared. My grandfather died that night, and this confirmation of the family legend impressed my uncle with a taste for the supernatural, which has clung to him through life. My aunt was a moral chameleon, colored by her husband, and sharing all his tastes, opinions, prejudices and beliefs. They both spoilt their only child, and would have given her gold to eat, had her stomach demanded such Spanish liquorice; would have starved for her, died for her, done anything but consent to her marriage with B., while she had a chance of getting A. the better match. Absurd? Inconsistent? Very true: but then everybody, except the reader and the writer, is mad upon some point; and that was the weak s.ot in *their* brains.

My uncle met us at the door.

"Glad to see you, Ormond; how are you, Tom? Come in out of the cold," said he, hurrying my travelling companion through the hall into a little room where hats, coats, &c., were kept, and then falling back and shaking my hand over again, and checking me for a moment from following, while he whispered in my ear—

"Are you a medium?"

"Not that I know of," I replied, rather puzzled.

"Is *he?*" nodding towards the door.

"He has plenty of the circulating medium, if you mean that," I rejoined, making a snap shot.

"Ho, ho, Tom; far-fetched that, far fetched! But it is not a subject to joke about," he added, shaking his head.

It seemed that I had been witty without knowing it, so I grinned a little, and wondered whether my revered relative had been taking any refreshment before dinner.

"Now I have got wid of my waps," said Ormond, when we had taken off our great coats, "I am wendy to pay my wespects to the ladies."

"Got rid of your *raps?*" cried my uncle, wearily. "Oh, but you need not do that! This way." And we were ushered into the drawing-room.

My aunt gave Ormond a reception which was an acted charade very easy to guess. She did not say "You are a very fine fellow, well-born, rich, in all human probability the future possessor of a title, and a first-rate match for my daughter. Hating with Alice we have hooked you, but such delicate fish have fine mouths, and I am dreadfully afraid lest you should break away after all; so pray take all the line you require," but she looked and smiled all this. When she had got her salmon into a comfortable *still* pool, she turned to me, poor worthless trout. Not that she was not glad to see me; on the contrary, I was a favorite of hers, and in my childhood she had been like a mother to me, dear old aunt! But, you see, business is business. After a kind welcome, she drew me mysteriously on one side, to ask, I suppose, some questions relative to the weight, haunts, or habits of her salmon; but no, her first inquiry was:

"Are you a medium?"

"A medium! what medium?"

"A spirit-medium, to be sure."

I could only think that she suspected me of being engaged in some conspiracy of a smuggling nature, and answered with the indignation of a patriot who finds taxes a luxury, in the negative.

"Is Mr. Ormond?"

Before I could reply, the dressing bell rang, and my aunt hurried off to give directions about some domestic matters which were probably in perfect order already.

This gave me an opportunity for a few words with Alice, who seemingly did not consider it the duty of a bait to make itself agreeable to the fish whose capture was intended—that was the fisherwoman's business—so she treated Ormond in a very polite, cold, easy way, as a stranger of whom she had not seen much, but to whom a hospitable reception under her father's roof was due, while she greeted me with a warmth of sisterly affection more marked than usual, keeping hold of my hand after shaking it, and giving me her lips instead of her cheek—my usual allowance—to kiss. She seemed more thoughtful, and a trifle thinner in the face, than when I had seen her last. Not that there were any signs of fretting about her; she looked rather as if her will had been opposed, and her majesty consequently offended about something or other.

I sat next to her at dinner, and directly the conversation was general enough for her to address me without being overheard, she asked:

"Are you a medium?"

"I don't know!" I cried, quite bothered.

"Is your friend?"

My friend! What a way of alluding to the man she was to marry!

"I don't know," I repeated. "What on earth are you talking about? Are you all cracked? First of all my uncle, then my aunt, and now you want to know whether Ormond or I are mediums. What is a medium?"

"What! have you heard nothing of spiritualism and table-turning?"

"Oh, ah!" I cried, suddenly enlightened, "now I know what you mean; but the fact is that I am such a humdrum material sort of animal that I take very little interest in the supernatural."

"But do you believe that there is anything in it?"

"Well, I don't know. It is rude to tell people that they are not telling the truth, or that they have been humbugged, when they recount their experiences on the subject; but still I own that the idea of my soul becoming eventually part of the stock-in-trade of a Yankee conjuror does not coincide with my views of immortality, and would not tend to rob the grave of its terrors, and so I hope that I may be excused for being hard to convince."

She was silent for a minute, and then replied:

"We have been trying to turn a table, but without success. Now, if some night we should be more happy, I hope you will not be too inquiring or sceptical. You may not believe that it is all fair play, but—"

"But what?"

"Could you not make believe to believe it? To turn a table and hear it rap would so please dear papa."

"Dutiful child!"

"Am I not?" and she glanced across at Ormond, looked down demurely, and added—"He is not a shy gentleman, your friend?"

"Is he not? You brought him here."

"In the first place, he is far too great a swell to honor me with his friendship; next— But I must not abuse him to you. However, I have a friend—an old, tried, real friend—after whom you have not inquired."

"Whom do you mean?" she asked, in so quiet, indifferent a tone, that I thought I had missed; but no, a pink spot came out on her neck and ear.

"Frank Jackson, Jackson of the Engineers," I answered.

"Ah, yes! I remember him," said the jilt; "he went out to India, or China, or somewhere, did he not?"

"Yes; but he returned to England six weeks ago."

"Dear me! I suppose he has changed a good deal, has he not?"

"I have not seen him yet."

"I wonder if one would know him again, if one met him unexpectedly."

"I should certainly. *I* do not forget my friends so quickly as that!"

"Really!" she replied, rising from the

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC RECROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK, FROM FREDERICKSBURG TO FALMOUTH,

ON THE NIGHT OF MONDAY, DECEMBER 15.—From a Sketch by an Officer.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post from an engraving in "Frank Leslie," represents the admirably executed recrossing of the Rappahannock. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* says:—

"At about half past six o'clock P. M., the movement began on the right, and almost simultaneously on the left side. Dirt was strewn across the (six) pontoon bridges so as to deaden the sound of the artillery as it passed over. This precaution, however, was hardly necessary, as a gale of wind, blowing all night from the direction of the enemy towards our own lines, rendered it impossible for any sound to reach him from the river. Silently, but with steady tread, our infantry continued to press over the bridges, the artillery coming in between each command.

"A person standing at the river side would not have observed anything unusual going on. I stationed myself at the upper crossing, between the hours of four and six A. M., and watched the long, dark lines of infantry and artillery as they filed across the bridge, and along the base of the hill below the Lacey House. As each command came over, they marched to the same quarters which they had occupied before."

table, unaddling with emphasis as she swept past me, "even when they do not wish to be remembered!"

And then she vanished, leaving me woefully puzzled. Why should my oldest friend and constant correspondent wish me to forget him? Pooh! there was probably no meaning in her words; but she just uttered any nonsense which first came into her head to hide her confusion. For the slight blush I had detected showed that she still thought with kindness of poor Frank, and that was probably the reason of the cool greeting given by her to Harold Ormond.

Self-possessed as he was, that deliberate lover was slightly disconcerted by the indifference with which the lady to whom he had deigned to throw his handkerchief let it lie where it fell; and he must have been hit harder than his intimates would have supposed possible. Instead, however, of quietly withdrawing the honor which he had proposed to confer upon the family, he seemed to be piqued into a determination to subdue this wonderful girl who did not jump down his throat the moment he opened his mouth, for he got quite earnest and alert in his attentions to the pretty Alice. The very evening of our arrival saw him *standing* by her side while she sang a song; on the following morning he joined our riding party, though we started at the preposterously early hour of eleven; and shortly afterwards I found him in the hot-house—"picking a nothgay, by Jove!" And a remarkably fine nosegay it was, and a deal of mischief he did in culling it. The gardener took me into his confidence afterwards, and the language made use of by that shocking old man was awful.

It was in the afternoon of this same day that we all noticed an importance and excitement about my uncle which seemed to betoken the bottling up of important intelligence. At dinner-time he uncorked.

"Well," he began, "I had a visitor to-day."

"A visitor?"

"Yes; a MEDIUM! A German gentleman, endowed with the power of corresponding with those spiritual beings whom with all our endeavors we have never been able to summon, is now staying in the neighborhood, and it having been supernaturally intimated to him that I was desirous of communicating with the Unseen World, he has kindly offered to hold a *séance* here this evening at eight o'clock. What is the matter, Alice?"

"Nothing, papa."

"Why you are as pale as the table-cloth!"

"Am I? Well, I do feel rather frightened at the idea of this—this mysterious man coming so soon."

"Don't be frightened, Miss Mawkin; I'll thwash him if he twys to hurt you," said Ormond.

"Thank you," said Alice.

"Come, come, Alice, you must get over your alarm," cried her father, "for Herr Fritzjok does not talk English very fluently, and as you are the only German scholar of the party, we look to you as our interpreter."

When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room Alice had recovered her color, but was still, I thought, rather nervous and excited. She would be silent for a long time, and then begin to laugh and talk louder than any one, and then relapse into silence, glancing at the door whenever she thought that no one observed her.

"Eight o'clock!" cried my aunt, as the time-piece struck the first stroke of that hour.

And as she spoke we heard a ring at the front door. There was something awful in such Monte Christo punctuality.

"Herr Fritzjok!" cried the servant.

And there entered a tall, powerful man with long black hair, black beard, black whiskers, black moustache. He wore a ring on his fore-finger and another on his thumb; and when I first saw him I started, but, catching Alice's eye on me, recovered myself.

"Ow you does, ladies and gentlemans?" said Herr Fritzjok, bowing all round. "You wish durns de dables? You speaks Deutsch, sir?"

"I speak Dutch? Not I," cried Ormond.

"You, milady?"

"No, none of us understand your language but my daughter. Alice, speak to the gentleman."

Alice and Herr Fritzjok bowed to each other, and commenced an animated discussion, which resulted in our adjourning to the dining-room and proceeding to business.

Very solemn business it was. Everything was cleared off the table, the lamp being placed on the sideboard; and we all sat down to a Barmecide feast, with our hands spread before us in the place of plates of mutton. On this occasion we had hardly sat five minutes before the table gave a jerk to the left, with a loud crack.

"Wonderful!" cried my uncle.

Next it began to move round slowly and painfully, an inch at a time.

"Tom, you are pushing!" said Ormond to me.

"Zilence!" cried Herr Fritzjok, "we sall make zome questions. Shirrid, if you are a shirrid, and not a push, give a knock."

Bang came a great thump under the table, right in the middle.

"Most extraordinary!" cried my uncle.

"I hope it is not wicked," said my aunt, whose eyes were very wide open indeed; and to satisfy her scruples on this point the table was again appealed to, and a code of signals having been agreed upon, such as that one rap was to stand for "Yes," two for "No," and that sentences were to be spelled out by our repeating the alphabet, and the table rapping at the proper letter, it replied that our present occupation was not wrong, but rather virtuous than otherwise.

The table, now fairly started, chatted away at a great pace, telling anecdotes of the Morion family, of Harold Ormond, of myself, which we, respectively deemed confined to a very select party of friends, in a way calculated to convince the most skeptical. Even Ormond remarked that it was "a doothed odd thing, you know, how the dooth should Herr Fritzjok, let alone the table, know about that affair, you know?" He even tried to improve the occasion by getting a supernatural trip for the Derby, but it was declared that the winner would be "a horse!" which information, though satisfactory so far as it went, was not available for betting purposes.

After some time, Mr. Morion announced that he wished to enter upon a more serious subject than had yet been broached.

"There is a solemn, an awful phenomenon attached to our family, and to which I myself have been a witness," said he. "Before any great calamity, a spirit, in the form of a black cat, appears to one of us. I should like to know what spirit that is, and why it takes that shape."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than we heard a scratching mixed with the knocking under the table, and a most distinct *Me-ow* was audible in one corner of the room. Ventriloquism? Oh, of course! that is the way to cut the Gordian knot. And yet how very, very seldom one meets with a ventriloquist; what a rare power his is. Why I, who have made the subject a study, have never met with more than one amateur ventriloquist capable of executing that *Me-ow*, and that was a Crichton of a friend of mine in the Engineers, who could do everything and anything but make his whiskers and moustache grow, and that he could never accomplish.

And even supposing that Herr Fritzjok—but hah! let me counteract myself with a truthful narrative of what I saw and heard.

"Will you hoot a question to the shirrid?" the Medium asked my uncle.

"Ahem. Are you the family Banshee?"

No answer.

"Why do you not reply?"

"There is one in the room frightened, which I do not like?"

"Who is that person?"

"Alice," rapped out the spirit.

"It is true," said that young lady. "It is very foolish of me, I know, papa, but I should like to go away, if you didn't mind."

And then she spoke to the German, and he said something to her, and the table-spirit-cat was consulted, and rapped out—

"Go."

So Alice rose and bade an affectionate good-night to her parents.

"Why, you silly little puss, how you tremble!" said my uncle, as he kissed her; and the caressing tone of his voice made her cry, I think, for the moment after I heard a distinct sob from the ringlets which floated over her mother's face, as she bade her, in turn, good-night.

That placid lady looked surprised and concerned, for Alice was not accustomed to shed tears, being rather a stern little domestic Tartar, of whom her parents stood in some degree of awe.

"Had I not better come with you?" said she.

"Oh, no, mamma, dear, pray don't."

"Most ab dibe for the seance."

"Ask the table."

The table rapped out that Alice alone was to leave.

"I wonder she likth to go to bed an't be alone, if she is afraid of the GHOSTS," observed Ormond.

"Hush!" cried my uncle.

"*Me-ow*," squealed the Banshee, amid renewed scratching and knocking; and then my uncle commenced an inquisition into the affairs of the Family H.-p.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"The spirit who appears at intervals in the form of a black cat."

"Why do you take that form?"

"Because it is my own. I am the Founder of the Family."

"The Founder of the Family—a cat?"

"Yes, read 'Darwin.' Ten hundred thousand years ago some naughty young monkeydons put myself and another kitten into a wooden bowl, and set us afloat on a lake, where we drifted to an island. We there had nothing to eat but swallows which skimmed the ground at about the height of our heads when we stood on our hind legs, but never alighted. So that these of our children, who could stand on their hind legs best, got most swallows, while those who could not do it at all died of starvation. Thus a race of cats arose walking on their hind legs. Then the fore paws being entirely used for catching the swallows, after a few generations turned to hands, and so the cats eventually became monkeys, the transition from which animal to the Morion family is obvious."

"I don't see it," murmured my uncle.

"The monkeys," the table rapped on, "migrated to a country where they were fed upon by a tribe of wolves, who, as they sprang into the trees, caught them by the tail, and so, those monkeys with the shortest tails having the best chance of life, a success was formed without any tails at all. Various accidents and necessities caused after generations to grow tall and bare, and taught them to talk and cook, and you are the present specimen. I always take an interest in my descendants."

"Can we see you?"

"Put out the lights!"

It had taken a long time—upwards of an hour—for the cat-spirit to rap out all this, and we were all wearied, bewildered, and excited, so that it was in a frame of mind very different from that skeptical shrewdness which is the normal condition of the civilized European, that we sat in the dark, wondering what was to come next. Presently Herr Fritzjok said quietly:

"Iab being moved."

And I thought I heard the handle of the door turned; but this must have been a mistake, as his voice came directly after, from the ceiling.

"Iab floating ober your eds; be quiet, don't sbir, or I won't answer for der consequences."

We were quiet, and so were the spirits, for some half hour, when my uncle, wearied out, said:

"Well, Herr Fritzjok, may we not light the lamp now? There seems nothing going on."

No answer.

We sat ten minutes longer, and then my uncle got up and struck a light.

Herr Fritzjok had vanished!

"He has been carried off by the Evil One!" shrieked my aunt, going into hysterics.

"Or was perhaps him himself," said my uncle.

"Or a burgwar," suggested Ormond.

"Ring the bell."

"Look under the table."

"Count the poonth."

In the general confusion and fluster of the servants when summoned, no one was concealed anywhere, nor any article of value missing.

My aunt was revived and carried off to bed, very gently, for fear of disturbing Alice, whose room was next her mother's, and then all the males of the family were summoned together for a grand Fritzjok hunt. We searched the house, the offices, the cellar, the stables, the garden, the shrubbery, for some time without effect, but at last a bold Buttons, a boy who feared nothing but short commons, and who had pursued his investigations with a lantern, to where a wicket-gate opened from a distant part of the garden into a lane, came rushing back to the house, shouting:

"I've got summut!—I've got summut!"

"What have you got?" was the general cry, as we pressed towards him from all directions.

"My, haven't the Dutchman and the old 'un been having a wrestle for it neither!" Buttons remarked, holding up an entire head of beautiful black hair, with whiskers, moustache and beard to match.

"No nails left, *only* the hair!" asked Ormond.

After searching farther, and finding nothing more, we shut the house up and went to bed.

Next morning no one brought me my hot water at the usual hour, and when I consequently rang the bell, it remained unanswered. Worse, when I went down stairs, I found no breakfast ready. What on earth could be the matter? Had What's-his-name, after taking Herr Fritzjok for a wheel, come back for the rest of the household? As I had rung my bed-room bell, I now rang that of the dining-room, with a similar lack of results; there was nothing for it but to explore. The hall-door was wide open, and my uncle's hat and great coat were not on the pegs. Next I tried the stables, but the stalls were empty and the grooms gone. In the kitchen, however, I found a housemaid, with her arms on the dresser and her head on her arms, sobbing like a whipped child.

"What on earth is the matter, Mary?" I asked again and again, without getting any reply but—"Hi, hi, hi! oh, oh, oh!" At last, however, she pulled out of her pocket a letter addressed to me, in my uncle's handwriting; it ran thus:

"SIR, Sir, SIR!—You must have been in this disgraceful plot. You have abused my hospitality, and have acted like a viper. Let me never see your face again. P. MORION."

"What *did* it all mean? how do vipers act when had I ever formed a plot? My publishers had always complained that I was lamentably deficient in that respect.

"Mary, Mary, tell me girl, what is the matter?"

"Hi, hi, hi!—ooh!"

"Hah, Buttons!" and I seized him by the collar. "What has happened?"

"You know," he replied with a grin.

"Now, then," said I, taking the youth by the ear, "will you answer me, and have half-a-crown, or will you be kicked until there is not a sound spot on your carcase?"

With the eye of genius, Buttons seized on the former alternative, and shouted in a breath:

"Miss Alice has bolted with the Dutchman, which his name is Jackson, and you know it. Give me the half-a-crown."

On returning to the hall I met Harold Ormond, to whom my uncle had not thought fit to communicate his unjust suspicions of my connivance with the runaways.

"I am going to Iowa," said he.

"So am I," I replied; "we can go together."

"Yaas."

And he said no more until the train approached the London station, when he said:

"I shall horthwhip that fellah!"

Poor Frank Jackson! But I have written to warn him to have his knickerbockers lined with leather.

* * *

☞ Walking, the other day, in the streets, I saw a little fellow fall on his face on the pavements, on which he reared most lustily. Running to pick him up, we wisely applied ourselves to cheer him with the comfortable consideration that he would be well to-morrow. "Pob, pob, my little man, don't cry, you'll not mind it to morrow." On which the young sufferer, surely unconscious of the strength and wit of his reply, said, with a tear in his eye, and the cry of pain hardly for a moment repressed, "Then I won't cry to-morrow." A discourse of an hour long could not better elucidate the subject.

☞ A Bombay merchant has assured the cotton supply association of England, that by the end of December 1863, there would be 2,000 000 bales received from India, enough to keep all the mills going even if no cotton were received from America.

☞ CARELESSNESS.—According to the report of the Postmaster-General eight hundred and twenty-two letters were deposited in various offices of the department during the year 1862 without any address whatever.

☞ A great man is one who can make his children obey when they are out of his sight.

☞ "Master William Auburn, how did Socrates die?" Boy (perfectly confounded): "How did Socrates die, sir? He died—" (Prompter friend on the bench in a whisper: "Of hem *lock*." (Boy triumphant): "He died of lockjaw, sir!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ENGLISH FEELING.

It appears to be generally admitted in England that the popular sentiment is again veering around in favor of the Union cause, and against the rebellion. The *European Times* (Liverpool paper of December 13th) candidly admits, in noticing a recent speech made by Mr. Leatham, M. P., in which he supported the principles and the conduct of the North, and strongly denounced the Confederate Government for being based on the maintenance and expansion of slavery, that "in giving currency to these ideas, Mr. Leatham merely expressed the sentiments of a large section of the Evangelical class of Christians, and *it is clear that a reaction has set in against the South and in favor of the North, as compared with the feelings entertained on this subject in religious circles twelve months ago.*"

To whatever reason this change may be imputed, we are none the less glad to see John Bull coming to his senses again. That he ever should have taken the stand which he has until recently occupied in favor of the rebels, will be considered for many years by Americans as a proof either of English want of intelligence, where foreign nations are concerned, or of English want of heart and conscience.

The amusing stupidities which American travellers relate of some of our British cousins, are almost beyond belief. For instance, a gentleman of high character belonging to this city, is said to report that he was continually met while in England, with the assertion that the Union armies were composed almost entirely of foreigners. Not only would this be said, regardless of the absurdity of supposing that an army of a million men could be enlisted from our foreign-born population, but it would be insisted upon in spite of all Judge ——'s emphatic protests. "Well, now," said one gentleman, "do you know of a *single one* of a native born citizen being in the army?" "Yes," replied the Judge, "my own brother is in the field." This of course was something of a poser—but still his English acquaintance evidently was only silenced, not convinced.

This anecdote was recalled to our recollection by a statement in the *Independent* relative to the number of men the Western colleges have furnished to the army. The following facts are given:—

Hillsdale College, Michigan, has sent off one hundred students since the war began; Lieut College, Indiana, eighty-three out of one hundred and forty-three students; Adrian College, Michigan, forty-eight; Marietta College, sixty-one, besides quite a number who had been students, but not completed their course. Wabash College has sent off seventy-six from their studies; Oberlin, two companies, and the present graduating class has been reduced from eighty to eight, mainly by enlistments. Illinois College has enlisted thirty-two graduates and fifty-one under-graduates, while of those who have been students one hundred and sixty-six in all have gone. Beloit College numbers sixty-two in the army, and Shurtliff forty-five.

What the Eastern colleges have done, is not stated; but it is evident from facts that have come under the knowledge of many, that a large proportion of the students in the colleges of the Eastern and Middle states have enlisted for the war. And the proportion of the students, both East and West, who volunteered simply for the ranks, is very large. That many of these already should have obtained promotion, is not wonderful, considering their natural and acquired endowments, and the destructive character of the contest.

These collegiate enlistments go to prove what every well informed American knows to be the case, that in the Union armies are to be found the representatives, and in no stinted measure, of every class and condition of men in the country. And this is not only true of the officers of those armies, but of the private soldiers.

A NEW PROJECTILE.

The Stafford projectile is said to outdo all we read of the recent performances of the great English guns—Whitworth's and Armstrong's—and with only one-sixth of the charge of powder they use. At a recent trial, a target construction of eight one-inch iron plates and twenty-one inches of oak, seven plates in front and one in the rear, was pierced and demolished, the timbers being all reduced into splinters, and the bolts all broken. A penetration of six inches of iron was made with a shot of thirty-two pounds weight, with ten pounds of powder, from a 50 pounder Dahlgren rifled gun. We thought it was curious if Brother Jonathan could not surpass his European progenitors in anything requiring inventive "cuteness."

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—The bill for the admission of the new state of Kanawha has been signed by the President, and is now a law. On the fourth of July next, in pursuance of the general law on the subject, a new star will be added to the national banner.

A PALPABLE HIT.

Gen. Butler, in his farewell address to the people of New Orleans, thus hits off the manner in which France and England have been in the habit of conducting war and putting down rebellion:—

I do not feel that I have erred in too much harshness, for that harshness was ever been exhibited to disloyal enemies to my country, and not to loyal friends. To be sure, I might have regaled you with the amenities of British civilization, and yet been within the supposed rules of civilized warfare. You might have been smoked to death in caverns, as were the Covenanters of Scotland by the command of a general of the royal house of England; or roasted like the inhabitants of Algiers during the French campaign; your wives and daughters might have been given over to the ravisher, as were the unfortunate dames of Spain in the Peninsular war; or you might have been scalped and tomahawked, as our mothers were at Wyoming by the savage allies of Great Britain in our revolution; your property could have been turned over to indiscriminate "loot," like the palace of the Emperor of China; works of art which adorned your buildings might have been sent away like the paintings of the Vatican; your sons might have been blown from the mouths of cannon like the Sepoys at Delhi; and yet all this would have been within the rules of civilized warfare as practised by the most polished and the most conservative nations of Europe. For such acts, the records of the doings of some of the inhabitants of your city toward the friends of the Union before my coming, were a sufficient provocative and justification.

The above is capital, because true. For the writers of nations whose whole history, up to the very latest times, is full of instances of the most savage ferocity, to stigmatize Gen. Butler's proceedings in New Orleans in the way they have done, is not only hypocritical, but ridiculous. The truth is, that never was New Orleans so well governed—never were property and life more secure from thieves and ruffians—never was womanhood better protected—never were the wants of the poor better provided for—than under Gen. Butler's administration. We should think that there was at least one Englishman—and he one of the noblest—who would be able to perceive this, and to do General Butler justice, as a man after his own heart—we mean the distinguished author of "Past and Present."

ANOTHER EXPEDITION.—An expedition is said to have left Fortress Monroe on the 1st, bound to the—South. As a number of ironclads accompany it, it is already rumored that an attempt is to be made to capture Charleston, and that Gen. Butler is to have the command. Certainly Butler would seem to be the proper man to administer affairs in the Palmetto city.

Gen. Naglee, with his division of twelve regiments, is said to compose a portion of the land forces attached to the expedition, which really may not be going to Charleston at all, but to some other part of the coast. We shall hear in due time.

NOT UNLIKELY.—We see it stated that the New York politicians of the Fernando Wood and John Van Buren school, have been mightily convinced by late private advices from Richmond, that the rebel leaders repudiate any kind of compromise or peaceable reunion whatever—and that they are determined to have independence or nothing. One consequence of this conviction is stated to be, that the said school of politicians have resolved to give a more effective support than heretofore to the war. We give this report as a report—and simply for what it is worth.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.—We have been requested to call attention to the school for young ladies at Englewood, Perth Amboy, N. J. The school is conducted by Mrs. C. H. Birney—wife of Colonel Birney, now in the gallant army on the Rappahannock—and Miss Geraldine Hopkins, and is said to be one of the best of its class. We see among the references, the names of the distinguished author, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, of New York, and the Hon. W. D. Kelley, of this city.

THE GREAT BATTLE IN TENNESSEE.—We hope to have news of a victory, before we go to press, as the result of the great battle near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The skirmishing began on Tuesday. On Wednesday the fighting began, and the left of our line was driven back. On Thursday, (the first,) the account seems favorable. The loss is great on both sides. Our force is stated at 45,000 men and 100 pieces of artillery. The rebel force is not stated.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.—We call attention to this document—though we suppose many of our readers have already seen it. We publish it, however, because it would scarcely do to omit one of the most important papers ever issued by the hand of man—a declaration of immediate freedom to more than three millions of slaves, residing in ten states.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TITAN: A Romance. From the German of Jean Paul Frederick Richter. Translated by CHARLES T. BROOKS. In 2 vols. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

A sensation has been created by the appearance of this careful and thorough translation,—or, in the Brooks' phrase, *transplantation*,—of the greatest and most elaborate work of that wonderful Jean Paul whom Germans affectionately call "der Einzige"—the only one: that great-hearted man, overbrimming with sentiment, with humor, with wild, warm enthusiasm, himself much resembling his own Titan, hitherto only known to English readers by translations of some of his smaller and less important works; on which account the present work has been all the more eagerly looked for and welcomed.

The humor, sentiment, and enthusiasm we had been taught to expect, are all here, truly enough; that, and a good deal besides. Studies of character, political disquisitions, noble sentiments, wild speculations, fiery outbursts of the "Sturm und Drang" order, scenes where sensuousness often verges on sensuality, and sentiment upon sentimentalism,—there, like "wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl," lie heaped together in a heterogeneous mass.

In one of Dickens's "Nights with Inspector Fields," we remember being introduced to a muzzily intoxicated little solicitor who in the midst of an exciting scene stood persistently re-iterating "But war's it av now? war *ish* it av now?" Poor little Mr. Baps affords the only fit expression for the state of befogged bewilderment into which the present writer was thrown by the first attempt to decipher the queer analogies, the illustrations much harder to understand than the thing illustrated, the startling emotions, and the mysterious allusions which chase each other through these pages. It is like hewing one's way through the embarrassing riches of a tropical forest. In considering all these things we are compelled to rejoice that Jean Paul is indeed "der Einzige." What should we do if many more such were let loose on the world?

Albano, the hero of "TITAN," (the TITAN himself, perhaps) is beautiful in his noble, free nature, his sacred scorn of all that is mean and base, his upward aspiring, through sorrow as through joy. To him stands opposed Roquairol, the man intrinsically false because entirely self-centred, stimulating his emotions by every means, lawful and unlawful, in order to gloat upon them and penetrate them in word, passing onward and downward to the certain end of such a life. The contrast enhances the moral value of either portrait.

We might be disposed to criticise Albano for the facility with which, in the space of a year, he passes through three love-affairs, each passionate, overpowering, tremendous. But Jean Paul's hero is not to be judged by ordinary canons. What bounds are to be set to the sensibilities of a man who after a dream of his first love awakes to such a state as this:—

"In a transfiguring euthanasia, his firm being fluttered loosely around like an uncertain dream,—he had been wafted and rocked upward into the starry heaven as on a mother's breast, and all the stars had flowed into the moon and enlarged her glory,—his heart, flung into a warm tear, gently dissolved therein,—out of him was only shadow, within him dazzling light,—the wind of the flying earth swept by before the upright flame of his soul, and it beat not. Ah, his Psyche glided with keen, unruffled, invisible falcon-pinions, in silent ecstacy through the thin air of life."

Love-affair number two is inaugurated with almost equally remarkable emotions. For instance:—

"Then did he, without knowing how, press to his heart the noble maiden, like a blessed spirit embracing a spring sun,—(!) and he touched her holy countenance with his, and like the red mornings of two worlds their lips melted together. Linda closed her eyes, and kissed with trembling, and only a single life and bliss rolled and gurgled between two hearts and lips."

The mention of Linda, this lofty-souled woman, the true "Titanide" for Albano's "Titan, suggests our strongest objection to the book,—the terrible tragedy which wrecks her life. The catastrophe is too awful to be suggested, and draws no necessary moral after it. The third love, which is merely the complement of the first, is tame after the magnificent Linda is swept from the stage.

In fine, it is impossible to give any fit summing-up of this splendid conglomeration of impossibilities, but if the reader has patience and energy to dig for himself into its stores, often so difficult of access, he will find there many things great and small to at once stimulate and reward the search.

THE VICTORIES OF LOVE. By COVENTRY PATMORE, author of "The Angel of the House," etc. T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston.

☞ BRAGGING.—When you hear a man brag of his courage you may, if you choose, pull his nose with impunity; of his wealth, button up your pockets; of his flourishing business, be sure that he is about going into the Bankrupt Court; of his wife's good temper, you may be sure that he gets a curtain lecture every night; of his horse, trot along and don't swop; but if he brag of himself, you may be certain that nobody else thinks well of him.

☞ A. B. Dickinson, in an article written for the Country Gentleman, urging the importance of having axletrees made only from well-seasoned timber to prevent springing, says:—"If I had a boy seven years old, that would play with a wagon or a cart with warbling wheels, or a one-sided top, I would never think of making a farmer of him. He might, perhaps, live on land, or make an editor, lawyer, doctor, priest or king, but he would not be fit for a farmer!"

☞ There is now living in the town of Alcasgro, in Spain, a woman forty years old who has had twenty children. She married one of her cousins twenty years ago, and has had twins two or three times, and on one occasion three daughters at a birth. Nine of her children are still living.

☞ "What a censorious liar!" exclaimed old Mrs. Partington, as she read in a paper an account of a new counterfeit which was said to contain three women and a bust of Washington on each end—"What!" said she, "General Washington on a bust! 'tis not so!" and the old lady lifted her specs and declared she had known the old gentleman for the last thirty years, and she never heard of his being on a bust—much less with *three women*."

☞ A PENITENT REBEL.—A Georgia soldier, who was formerly a resident of Pennsylvania, recently died in one of the Philadelphia hospitals. Just before dying he requested that a justice of the peace be sent for in order that he might take the oath of allegiance. Said he, "I don't want it to be said that I went to the Almighty a rebel." The singular wish was gratified, and in a few hours he breathed his last.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION
OF THE PRESIDENT.

FREEDOM DECLARED TO SLAVES IN ALL REBELLIOUS STATES AND PARTS OF STATES—THEY WILL BE EMPLOYED IN FORTS, STATIONS, AND TO MAN VESSELS OF ALL SORTS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1st, 1863.—By the President of the United States of America:—

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, On the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any effort they may make for their active freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the states and parts of states, if any, in which the people therein, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any state and the people thereof shall, on that day, be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such state shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such state and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing the said rebellion, do, on this the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and, in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the states and parts of states wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit:—

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Martin and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans,) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth,) and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if the proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within the said designated states and parts of said states, are and henceforward shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence, and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages. And I further declare and make known that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in the said service. And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[L. S.] Done at the city of Washington, this the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,
WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

THE SCAVENGERS OF GOD'S MORAL WORLD.—"Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Who would venture to say that he had exhausted the meaning of this wonderful saying? For is it not properly inexhaustible? All history is a comment on these words.—Wherever there is a church or a people abandoned by the spirit of life, and so a carcass tainting the atmosphere of God's moral world, around it assemble the ministers and messengers of divine justice, "the eagles," (or vultures more strictly, for the true eagle does not feed on aught but what itself has slain,) the scavengers of God's moral world, scenting out, as by a mysterious instinct, the prey from afar, and charged to remove presently the offense out of the way.

This proverb—for the saying has passed upon the lips of men, and thus is become such—is being fulfilled evermore.—*French.*

☞ It is said that the reason why the Irish make better sailors than the Welsh is, because they prefer a shamrock to a leak.

☞ A fellow not long since speaking of a soldier in one of the New York regiments, who was wounded in battle, said:—"He was killed, wounded and missing, but the last we heard from him he was doing well."

ANOTHER UNION SUFFERER.
A MATCH FOR PARSON BROWNLOW.

At the hospitable residence of Rev. Dr. Breed in Philadelphia is now staying, in the person of Rev. John H. Aughey, a Presbyterian clergyman, a gentleman who, at the hands of the rebels of Mississippi, has endured everything but death. He is a citizen of Mississippi, now emaciated almost to skin and bone. He has tasted three times the bitterness of death and yet escaped its consummation. Whether any galley-slave ever endured greater suffering in a given amount of time may be safely doubted. He is preparing for publication a book descriptive of his experience since the war broke out.

Mr. Aughey was an earnest, open, decided opponent of the rebellion from the outset. Arrested as a Unionist, he was heavily manacled, and thrust into a crowded, filthy prison, whence his companions were taken out day by day to be shot, and their bodies thrown into a ditch, as the punishment of their patriotism. Mr. Aughey himself, as a more determined and influential Unionist, was reserved for conspicuous hanging, but escaped before the fulfillment of that intention. Travelling in the opposite direction from that in which he would naturally be sought; working by night, with the heavy iron fetters which he had not been enabled to remove, he was obliged to evade the bloodhounds that are usually kept for the hunting of slaves, but now employed for tracking white Unionists. Taking care to leave none of his pursuers in the prison, as from those the scent might be taken; travelling only by night, and then very slowly, because of the galling circlets of his ankles; living mainly on green corn plucked from the fields, and eaten raw, for to make a smoke would have been to advertise his location to his watchful, unrelenting foes; he finally discovered himself at a venture to a farmer, who proved to be a Unionist, and by whom he was conveyed on horseback several miles in the right direction, and thus enabled finally to evade the rebel pickets and make his escape.

From conversation with him we learn the following:

On the 1st of July last he was arrested by a company of cavalry under command of Captain Hill in Tishomingo county, Mississippi. When brought into Captain Hill's presence he thus addressed him:

"Are you a Unionist?"

"I voted the Union ticket, sir."

"That, sir, is an evasion. I voted the Union ticket, and now I am fighting against the Union. What are your sentiments now?"

"I have never seen any reason for changing my opinions. I voted the Union ticket, and am still a Unionist."

"You must go to headquarters."

A Mr. Benjamin Clarke had been arrested as a Unionist on the same day while ploughing in the field, who, with himself, was placed under guard and sent to Fulton, in Itawamber county, to the headquarters of Colonel Bradfute. When they appeared in his presence the following colloquy ensued.

"Are you a Unionist?" (to Mr. Aughey.)

"I am, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"I was born in the state of New York, but have spent eleven years in the South."

"Ah! Yankee born and a traitor; you deserve to be hanged!"

If being of northern birth is a crime, it certainly was not Mr. Aughey's fault, inasmuch as his parents did not so much as consult him as to the place he wished to be born, and he could not have helped it if he had tried. This is inconsistency run mad.

They were then placed under a heavy guard and conducted to Brooksville, the headquarters of Gen. Pfeifer, where they remained during the night, sleeping upon the ground, having nothing to lie upon but the grass, and with no covering. On the next day the guard conducted them to Priceville, into the presence of Gen. Jordan, who thus addressed Mr. Aughey:

"Are you a Unionist?"

"I am, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"I was born in the state of New York—a state which never repudiated, nullified, seceded, nor did any other disgraceful act. I am proud, proud of my birthright in that glorious Empire state."

"If you love the North so well, why did you not go north at the commencement of the war?"

"Give me a passport, sir, and I will go north instanter."

"The first passport you will get will be a free ticket to the infernal regions."

"Thank you for your kind offer, but I do not believe in hell; but you are the devil's ticket agent," was the response of the divine.

Soon after this interview the guards set out with them for Tupelo, where they were incarcerated in the c.ntral military prison. There were some seventy or eighty prisoners in that gloomy abode. The prison was filthy in the extreme. It was not supplied with any kind of furniture, not even beds or blankets. At night the inmates lay down on the hard planks and slept as best they could. They were starved, insulted and maltreated in every possible way. A strong guard come in daily and took the prisoners out to do scavenger work in the streets. At 3 o'clock every day some of them were taken out and shot or hanged. With a Mr. Maulsby, Mr. Aughey attempted to escape. His friend did escape to the Federal lines, but he was rearrested, heavily ironed and replaced in prison. They sent out two companies of cavalry with blood hounds in search of them. Mr. Aughey's arrest took place after he had been out two nights and a day. Several of his fellow prisoners had been shot during his absence.

On his return he found that the floor of his prison had been spiked down, the guards doubled, and great precautions and vigilance exercised to prevent any future escapes. The Judge Advocate of the Confederate army of the West came one day and informed Mr. Aughey that he would be executed on the following Thursday. As they had ordered him to hang him, he petitioned to be shot, but the request was refused. He resolved therefore to attempt a second escape, and in the event of a failure, draw the fire of the guard and be shot. He preferred to be shot on the excitement incident to an attempt at escape, to a horrid death by strangulation at a rope's end, amid the jeers of a rabble. His fellow prisoners aided him in removing his chain (the heavy bolts they could not remove), and although the prison was strictly guarded and surrounded by camps containing fifteen or twenty thousand armed men, yet he eluded their vigilance, and succeeded in reaching the dense woods. At length, after incredible sufferings from hunger, thirst, fatigue and exhaustment, he reached the Federal lines at Rienzi, Miss., in safety, where he found protection beneath the folds of the old flag.—*North American.*

VICTORY IN MISSISSIPPI.—Gen. Grant's and other official advices report, under date of 2nd, that "General Sullivan has succeeded in getting a fight out of Forest, and whipped him badly. He captured six pieces of artillery and a great many horses and prisoners.

"Van Dorn was repulsed at every point except this, and with heavy loss. The rebel Col. Napier was killed, and rebel Col. De Shay is a prisoner."

☞ Marriageable young ladies are prettily called *waiting maids.*

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. ELLEN WOOD,
Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

EDMUND KIRKE,
Author of "AMONG THE PINES."
AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE POST-OFFICE.

FORWARDED TO THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LETTER III.

To Captain ———

DEAR JOSHUA:—

Since you went away, a perspiring young hero to the field of March, my heart has been so full of perforations, that I cannot hold my knitting needles rightly, and my work is like one of old Mrs. Longyarn's mixed up stories—full of dropped stitches. But I *did* feel proud of you, when I saw you dressed in your unicorn suit, with epitaphs on your shoulders, white leather gimlets on your hands, and your father's old sword by your side. And it's better to belong to a marching than a standing army, for you don't get so tired in extremes. Any how, I do hope and trust, my dear boy, that the drummer of your company will never have to play a running accompaniment to *your* movements.

I go down to the Hospitable every day, and take what I can to the poor brave anvilheads, and as Sister Ruth Partington says, it does my heart good, to see the young girls, that used to think of nothing but dressing and flirting, going about like "minister's angels," as the play-book says. But I've got a kettle of jelly on, and if I do not go to look after it, all the fat will be in the fire. So good-bye, dear Josh—take as many Southern mortifications as you can, and come back covered with gold lace and glory, to

Your loving grandmother,
KEZIAH PEABODY.

LETTER IV.

To Miss ———

Have you forgotten the vows that we made,
Down at Cape May, when by moonlight we
strayed?
Have you forgotten the moments entrancing,
Out on the porch, in the pause of the dancing?
Have you forgotten each look and each sigh too?
If you can forget them—I can't say that *I do.*

Have you forgotten the story you told
Of a false-hearted maiden, who married for gold?
How you declared that not ever would part,
Though a throne were the price, from the
choice of your heart.
How you vowed that with me any desert you'd
fly to—
If you can forget it—I can't say that I do.

But a rumor I've heard since I came back to
town
Of a Millionaire Broker, on whom you don't
frown.
That the diamond, now seen on your finger to
shine,
Is his present—of course, you have cast away
mine.
Are they all come to this?—every vow, every
sigh too?—
If you can forget them—well then—so can *I too.*

HENRY HEARTFEER.

LETTER V.

To Miss ———

Go to the field—I would not say
One word to bid thy steps delay.
But shouldst thou fall by rebel blow,
No peace my heart could ever know.
Think, when thy sword is raised in stride,
That on *thy safety hangs my life.*

CONSTANTIA.

☞ A lady, in speaking of the gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court house, said she supposed they had gone "to view the ground where they must shortly lie."

A "WHIPPING HOUSE."

A correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*, writing from Helena, Arkansas, under the date of Sept. 9th, gives the following account. Can it be true?

"Perhaps your readers are not aware that whipping negroes is a regular business in some parts of the South; but such is undoubtedly the case. Improved machinery has been invented and put into operation, and whipping is done by wholesale.

An institution of this kind is located at Mayenas, twenty five miles from this place on the St. Francis road. The "whipping house," as it is called, is about six feet in diameter and ten feet high. A shaft runs from bottom to top; on the upper end is a small cog-wheel running horizontally, into which a large wheel works. The propelling power is a robust negro. Attached to the shaft are leather thongs or straps about two inches wide. Lashes are inserted in these, and when the shaft is in motion they reach the walls. The straps extend from the feet to the neck. Near by is the office and stripping house. Here victims are stripped of their clothing, and five or six are placed in the torture room, the door being closed, the negro takes hold of the crank; the proprietor with watch in hand orders the motion to be put in motion. Around whirls the shaft at the rate of two hundred revolutions a minute, with straps and lashes extended, bruising and lacerating the poor victim with thousands of blows extending from head to feet. Fifteen minutes is considered a sufficient length of time. Then comes a reasonable time to grind a "batch of human flesh, and then it is so very *cheap*, coming but a dollar per head. I do think it very nearly equals hog meat."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S EXPEDITION DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.—*Cairo, December 28th.*—The Mississippi expedition, consisting of one hundred and fourteen transport steamers and seven gun boats as a convoy, left Memphis last Tuesday for Vicksburg, having on board General Sherman's, Hurlbut's, McClernand's, A. C. Smith's and George W. Morgan's Divisions—in all 50,000 troops. General Hovey's Division was taken on board at Helena.

The Missouri Democrat has a letter from Helena, Arkansas, a point on the Mississippi, some fifty miles below Memphis, at the point of crossing of two Arkansas and Mississippi railroads, dated December 29th, giving some accounts of General Sherman's expedition down the Mississippi. The correspondent says:—

"It is generally understood here, and therefore, I suppose not improper for me to say, that Generals Sherman and Steele, with a large army, will make forward movements upon "the works" of the enemy soon—probably before this letter reaches you. There are other items which I would be glad to mention, but as letter writers must needs avoid the very appendance (reporting "contraband" news. I must be content with simply assuring the readers of the Democrat the winter campaign in the South West will be an active and eventful one, and decisive results attended by great and desirable results."

NEGROES HANGED IN CHARLESTON.—A Britist subject who arrived in Norfolk, from Charleston, South Carolina, within a few days, brings the information that nineteen negroes were hung in the streets, just prior to his departure. This occurred in consequence of a conspiracy, made in a rather singular manner—The whites there for some time past have been closely watching the movements of the blacks, and thinking that they observed an unusual number of funerals among them, a white man disguised himself, and following in one of the processions, on arriving at the burial ground he discovered that the coffin contained arms, which were taken from it and buried in a pit, in which a number had already been deposited. The consequence of this discovery was the execution of nineteen of the most intelligent of the conspirators.

☞ A sick boy, not two years old, looked at his father and said, "Bye-bye, pa, baby is going to sleep;" and he shut his eyes and never opened them any more.

LATEST NEWS.

THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

Our Forces Advancing.

THE REBELS FALLING BACK.

THE BATTLE STILL PROGRESSING.

BATTLE AT VICKSBURG, MISS.

A DESPERATE CONFLICT.

THE ENEMY'S ENTRENCHMENTS CARRIED.

The Monitor Foundered at Sea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 3—Midnight.—Telegraphic communication has been restored between here and Nashville, and the following important dispatches received:

NASHVILLE, Jan. 3.—It is reported that Gen. Bragg was killed in the fight to-day.

There has been fighting all day, but no particulars have been received.

Our forces are advancing, and the rebels are falling back across Stone's river. A heavy rain has fallen all day.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 3.—Heavy cannonading has been heard to-day up till now.

The rebels attacked our left, but were terribly repulsed.

There was very little fighting yesterday.

Our forces do not yet occupy Murfreesboro.

The rebels attacked and destroyed the hospital building on Thursday.

The rebel army at Richmond are furnishing strong reinforcements to the enemy.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 3.—A spirited engagement took place at Lavergne, between a party of mechanics and engineers in the U. S. service under the command of Colonel Ellis, and General Wheeler's rebel cavalry. The latter were routed, with a loss of 33 killed.

All the contrabands captured by the enemy on the U. S. wagon trains are shot. Twenty of the dead bodies are lying on the Murfreesboro pike.

Major Slemmer and Captain King, who were wounded, were captured by the rebels while in an ambulance. They were taken to Murfreesboro, and then paroled and thrown out on the road.

General Willich was not killed, but wounded and taken prisoner.

Yesterday General Rosecrans took command of the field, and directed in person, and attacked Gen. Wheeler's rebel cavalry, who were cut to pieces and utterly routed.

Capt. Mack, chief of artillery on General Thomas' staff, was mortally wounded.

General Anderson has sent a dispatch to headquarters, saying:

"We have whipped the rebels decidedly, and are at Christiana, nine miles south of Murfreesboro, on the line of railroad."

The rebel General Raine is killed, and Gen eral Breckinridge a prisoner.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 3.—Colonel McKee is reported to have been killed.

Our loss in officers is heartrending.

There was fighting till daylight this morning.

At 5 o'clock last evening the enemy were being terribly slaughtered.

In the first day's fighting we had it all our own way, but the right wing fought itself into a bad position.

On the third day we repulsed the enemy with terrible slaughter, sustaining but slight loss ourselves.

The Fights of Thursday and Friday.

NEW YORK, JAN. 4.—A special despatch from Murfreesboro, dated Friday evening, says that the rebels were twice repulsed on Thursday, in fierce attacks on our centre and right.

On Thursday night, General Rosecrans ordered Beatty's brigade across Stone's river on our left, which was accomplished. On Friday afternoon, the rebels made a tremendous attack on our centre but were handsomely repulsed. At the same time they made an impetuous charge of infantry against Beatty's brigade, driving it across the river, when Negley's and Davis's divisions went to their aid. A most desperate struggle ensued, and all the artillery of both armies were brought to bear. Our guns suffered terribly but not flinchingly. At last General Negley ordered a charge, when the rebels gave way. The 26th Pennsylvania charged home on the 20th Tennessee, capturing its colors. Another regiment charged, and seized a whole rebel battery.

A grand shout of victory arose along the whole line, when Gen. Rosecrans advanced his whole line, the left establishing itself on the east bank of the river, the centre holding the enemy's former position, and the right holding its original position of Wednesday. The advantage is with us.

The battle is to be resumed on Saturday, and all feel confident of victory.

[No further news can be obtained from the great struggle at Murfreesboro, in consequence of both the telegraph lines to the west being out of order.]

The Rebels Claim a Victory at Murfreesboro.

The Richmond papers of the 31 contain dispatches from Murfreesboro of the 1st.

They claim that the expedition made under Gen. Forrest fully accomplished its object.

Gen. Bragg's second dispatch, of the same date, says the enemy has yielded his strong position, and is in full retreat. We occupy the whole field, and shall follow.

MURFREESBORO, Dec. 31.—The bloodiest day of the war has closed. McCook's division attacked the enemy's right, driving them back with great slaughter. By three o'clock, P. M. the enemy had been driven back six miles from our left and centre. Our loss is heavy. Gen. Rains, Col. McNair and Col. Avery, 20th Mississippi and Lieut. Theest, be Louisiana, are killed. Col Black, 5th Georgia, Fisk, 29th Louisiana, are mortally wounded.

Battle at Vicksburg.

CAIRO, Jan. 3.—Dispatches from Gen. Sherman, dated on the battle field of Vicksburg, have been received at Helena.

On Saturday, the 27th ult., Gen. Sherman debarked his forces on the left bank of the Yazoo river, ten miles above the mouth, and, forming in line of battle, advanced towards Vicksburg.

After passing beyond the range of our gunboats, our forces encountered the enemy, who awaited them in force.

A terrific conflict ensued, which lasted for five hours.

The enemy was driven back by our shells before the bayonet charge, and the rear of Vicksburg, and from their entrenched works, which were stationed on a hill.

On Saturday night the two armies lay on their arms, two bayous intervening between the lines of forces.

During the night pontoons were constructed, notwithstanding a terrific fire was poured upon our men by the enemy, under the cover of undergrowth.

At daylight on Sunday a concerted advance was made by General Sherman's entire force, General Steel commanding the left wing, Generals Morgan and Blair the centre, and Generals A. L. and M. L. Smith the right.

Gen. Steel succeeded in turning the enemy's right, so as to communicate with Gen. Morgan's division, which had been separated by the swamps running at right angles to the main front.

By sunrise the whole force was engaged, and up to 10 o'clock the musketry and artillery firing was severe.

The rebel army in front of Morgan's and Smith's divisions were entrenched on high, rising ground. This position was finally carried by storm.

Our gunboats did not co-operate with the land forces, but the gunboat Benton engaged the fortifications on Haines's Bluff.

During the action, several of the crew of the Benton were killed, and Capt. Gwinne, her commander, was mortally wounded.

In the action on Saturday, the 58th Ohio, 8th Missouri, and 2d Kentucky regiments sustained considerable loss.

Gen. Banks's forces, with Farragut's fleet, were expected to co-operate with Gen. Sherman in the attack, but they had not arrived.

The Monitor Foundered at Sea.

Washington, Jan. 3.—The following has been received at the Navy Department:

HAMPTON ROADS, Jan. 3, 9 P. M.—To the Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:—The Monitor, in tow of the Rhode Island, passed Hatteras Shoals on Tuesday afternoon, the weather being fine and promising. About 9 P. M. the weather was squally, and at 10 it blew hard. At 1.30 A. M., on Wednesday, the 31st ultimo, the Monitor, having sprung a leak, went down, with the loss of two officers and twenty-eight men.

Commander Bankhead and the officers and crew of the Monitor, behaved nobly, and made every effort to save their vessel.

Com. Trenchard and the officers and crew of the Rhode Island, did everything in their power to rescue the officers and crew of the Monitor.

Miscellaneous.

On Friday the rebels, at Fredericksburg, extended and strengthened their pickets, and it was believed that an attempt to cross would be made. Arrangements were made for such an emergency, but it turned out a false alarm.

The Lynchburg papers record a raid of Union men, who penetrated 90 miles into East Tennessee, destroying bridges and tearing up the railroad track.

Gen. Milroy is reported to be moving on Rome.

The rebels are reported to be concentrating at Arkadelphis, fifty miles south west of Little Rock. They have been driven out of the Indian territory, where they had established forts, and the rebel Creeks and Choctaws wish to lay down their arms and go back to their allegiance to the United States.

Rebel newspapers admit their loss at Prairie Grove to have been 4,000.

During the recent raid to Van Buren, Gen. Hindman's correspondence, with valuable information, was captured.

The Mobile and Ohio Railroad has been destroyed from Okolona to Saltillo, and again between Cuffeville and Oakford.

The steamer Asia, from Liverpool on the 20th, has arrived at New York. The ship Harriet Spaulding, reported burned by the 290, has arrived at her destination. The London Times gives the North fair praise for its relief to the cotton operatives. A rumor is afloat that France will address another note to England and Russia, arguing for peaceable intervention. Mr. Bright has made another speech, in which he took strong grounds for the North, eulogizing its course, and expressed his belief in its speedy success.

France wishes war to relieve the prevailing distress.

The Daily News extols the generosity of the American people as expressive of a deep and lasting sympathy for the Queen and country at large.

RESISTANCE OF PAPER TO SHOT.—Experiments recently made in England, prove that paper pasteboard better resists shot from cannon than hard teak wood. Two targets were constructed, the one of teak wood, the one backed by fourteen inches in thickness of teak wood, the other backed by the same thickness of pasteboard. They were fired at with a Whitworth 9-pounder, using elongated shot 5.5 inches in length, and 2¼ in diameter, and the penetration was found to be twice as great in the timber-backed target, that it was in the paper one. The targets were then fired at with a 12-pounder, and with similar results. The resistance of pasteboard to shot has attracted so much attention on the other side of the Atlantic, that further experiments are to made with it.

☞ The importance of the destruction of Vicksburg cannot be over-estimated. It is the point of crossing for the railroads from Texas and Louisiana to Alabama and the East, from which much of the rebel supplies are received. With its fall the Mississippi will be re-opened to commerce, which, of course, is the one great end to be attained.

☞ There is a town in Ohio where the people have lived so long on pork that they are beginning to contract some of its habits. When a neighbor dies, they lay him out as they do a hog, with a corn cob in his mouth.

☞ It is a very easy thing for a man to be wise for other people.

☞ It is better to need relief than to want heart to give it.

☞ Second thoughts are best. Man was God's first thought—woman His second.

☞ Life is a lottery; but he who draws many corks won't be likely to draw much else.

☞ He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.

☞ It little becomes the feeble to be unjust, justice is peculiarly the shield of the weak.

☞ The success of villany is treated by many as the standard and proof of innocence.

☞ A stagnant soul, like a stagnant pool, breeds insects, and reptiles, and slime.

☞ The herb doctors think that to be healthy and vigorous, a man, like a tree, must take root.

☞ The tall mountains are the sublime apostles of nature, whose surplices are snows, and whose sermons are avalanches.

☞ It may be interesting to some to know the variation in the price of Flour during the last ten years. The following statement gives the price for the month of November during it at period:—1862, $6.12; 1861, $5.27; 1860, $4.94; 1859, $5.25; 1858, $5.15; 1857, $5.31; 1856, $6.25; 1855, $6.31; 1854, $8.39; 1853, $7.18.

☞ Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health, seldom; but waste of time, never.

WINTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

White as a brow in Death's eclipse,
That through all the years shall know no waking;

Dumb as the sleeper's frozen lips,
That can speak no word though hearts are breaking;

Our Mother Earth, in a dream of calm,
Her beautiful heart entranced, is sleeping;
With the winds in a wild, funereal psalm,
Over her snowy silence sweeping.

I've wandered here when the glowing air
Was red with the odorous wild-rose blushes,
And found the delicate lily there,
Frail as a shell the water crushes.

And the violet stood, its fragile cup
O'errun with the blue sky's liquid ether;
And the fern on the mossy rock sprang up,
To toss on the wind a buoyant feather,

When bobolinks in the burning sun
Dropped faint with song to the cool, red clover;
And the bee, like the boom of a phantom gun,
In the drowsy heat came humming over.

But ah, it was in Earth's passion-time,
When each bud and leaf was a sweet confession!
And this is the hour of ice, and rime,
And chill, that falls upon every passion!

CLARA DOTY.

THE MERCHANT OF THE FAR WEST.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.,
ONE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHAPLAINS.

It was a magnificent autumnal evening. Our ship was covered with canvas towering to the very truck; her studding sails spreading outwards like the wings of an immense sea-bird, and herself "staggering," as the sailors say, under a fresh quarter-wind, with as much as she could carry, neither less nor more. The horizon was clear—a rare thing at sea—and gave promise of a glorious sunset. We were in the middle of the Atlantic, and not a sail in sight; so that we seemed to be the living centre of the whole visible world,—of the ocean which swept around us, and the blue dome of the cloud! as sky that descended over us, resting its huge rim upon the circumference of the plain waters. The passengers had finished dinner, and were pacing the deck; or, broken up into little parties, were singing, telling stories, reading, or gazing over the bul warks upon the ruddy rays of light becoming more intense in the western clouds that gathered round the setting sun. Such delightful evenings on shipboard always spread a happiness throughout the whole vessel. Sickness and moroseness are both banished; and those who ordinarily "dwell apart," become frank, affable, and communicative.

It was so with one of the passengers, whose appearance and manners had attracted my attention ever since we had left harbor. He was a man of ordinary stature, and of a light wiry make. There was something peculiarly striking in his countenance, yet one could hardly tell what that something was. The features were all small and well formed; the complexion dark and swarthy; the hair lank and jet black; the eye—yes, therein lay the mysterious *something*.

For four days I never heard that man open his lips. He sat during meals at the corner of the table near the door of the saloon, nearly opposite to me, and separated always by a considerable gap from his next neighbor. He seldom raised his head while eating; never partook of more than one dish, and of that very sparingly, eating very rapidly, and never drank anything stronger than water; so that his meal, begun always late, and taken in silence, was over in a few minutes, and his seat again empty. When on deck he paced up and down from morning till night, speaking to no one, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. His step was as peculiar to himself as were his other manners; short and rapid, and noiseless, like as will beast speeding onwards towards its prey, he seemed to glide along the deck. But no one could look at that face without feeling there was something behind it "out of the common." That eye! How quickly it glanced round, and seemed to fasten on everything and everybody; now changing to calm sadness, brooding in deep thought; or suddenly—one knows not why—becoming fixed with a sharp piercing glance of fire, beneath the contracted eyebrows, as if it gazed upon a spirit; while the nostrils were distended, the lips compressed, and the features lighted up with deep emotion.

A total stranger myself to all the passengers, I could not make the inquiries which I felt prompted by curiosity to make, about this unknown person. But one day after dinner—on that beautiful evening I have described—two passengers beside me, while conversing about the great emigration then taking place from the United States to the shores of the Pacific, happened to forget the name of some dangerous pass. "What *is* the name?" exclaimed a Yankee, stamping his foot with irritation, and knitting his brow. "Jonada del Muerto between Chihuahua and Santa Fe," said the unknown one, without lifting his eyes or speaking another word; then rising from his seat, he proceeded to the deck as if he had uttered something in a dream.

"Queer chap, that!" remarked one of the speakers, as he gazed after him; "I knew *he* knowed it, if man did."

"Who is he?" I inquired.

"Well, I expect," said the Yankee, "that he does some business in the far west. I heard a St. Louis man—that tall, red-haired fellow at the other table—say, that his life would be *one of the loudest* in any language, if it were in print."

This description, peculiar though it was, made me desire a closer acquaintance with the stranger; and, accordingly, I was soon on the quarter-deck beside him, and after a few distant and cautious approaches, based upon the state of the weather, the appearance of the ship, and prospects of the voyage, etc., I managed to come so near him as to ask, alluding to his remark in the cabin, whether he had travelled far in the west? His answer, expressed in quiet and courteous language, prompted other questions; and these led to replies and counter-questions, until hour followed hour, and the gorgeous sunset was hardly noticed, and the rush of the waves was unheard, and the heave and pitch of the vessel unperceived, and the whole scene around me became as a dream.

My companion was one of those characters to which an island like ours can no more afford room than a crib in the zoological gardens can afford scope to the camel or antelope for the display of their endurance or swiftness. His life, in its several features, may be very briefly stated. He was a German, well born, and connected with at least one noble family in Scotland. He had early left Europe to "push his fortune" in America. Partly from a love of adventure, and partly from the hope of opening up a new line of trade, he had, soon after landing, travelled across the continent, and penetrated north to the Columbia River, and south to Mexico and California. He ended by purchasing some mules, loading them with merchandize suited for sale or barter; and taking a few intrepid spirits with him to share the dangers and profits of his enterprize, he commenced a regular business, which had increased upon his hands, until at last—after fourteen years of great success and singular endurance—he was eminently "the merchant of the wilderness."

His plan of operations was this:—He had thirty wagons, each wagon having attached to it ten to twelve mules, guided by two men, dead shots, armed with rifles. Their caravan, therefore, consisted of about 350 mules and 60 men.

"Now, suppose these wagons are to be loaded with merchandize, purchased chiefly in Manchester, and worth many thousand pounds," I asked the merchant, "what was the journey which the goods have to pursue?"

"Why, I'll tell you," was the reply. "It's *rather* a long one. Starting from New York or Philadelphia, I, and my purchases, go right across to Ohio—and down the river to the Mississippi—up the Mississippi to St. Louis—from St. Louis up the Missouri to Fort Independence, four miles inland; and there we all meet and begin our real journey *in earnest* to the west."

"Pray, how far must you travel before beginning what you call your *real* journey?"

"Oh! not far—only across the United States, and down one river and up another—let me see—perhaps about two thousand miles." A pretty long introductory start, thought I.

"But whither," I asked, "after your start from Fort Independence?"

"Twenty miles," he replied, "bring us across the Indian lines, and then we are clear of the settlements. Our course lies almost due west by south for about a thousand miles across the prairie, until we strike the river Morn, ninety five miles east from Santa Fe. Passing a spur of the Rocky Mountains, called Taos, I divide my company; sending thirty of my best men with the half of the goods along the Rocky Mountains, and as far as the Columbia, to trade with Indians and trappers for their furs. This journey occupies about six months. I proceed myself with the second division due south for about twenty one hundred miles more to Durango and Zacatecas."

"And how long does this journey take?"

"I leave Fort Independence in the month of April, and reach Santa Fe in about three months; and in six months more I am back to Santa Fe from the south on my way home. For fourteen years I have been altogether only about three years in the settlements. I have constant travelling each year at the rate of about six hundred miles a month."

Such was the route of the merchant of the wilderness. Perhaps some of my young readers may endeavor to trace it on a map. It is something like a jouguey!

Space would fail me to recount a tenth of his strange adventures and hair breadth escapes. The mere physical strength required for such a journey is immense. He and his men, during the twenty four hours, had never more than two and a half hours of sleep; and were obliged to supply themselves with food by hunting the buffalo, or killing any game they chanced to meet.—They cooked on fires made from the dry dung gathered from the grassy prairie, and lived for months without bread or vegetables. It is seldom that such visitations can be provided against. Two or three years before I met the merchant, he had been placed in circumstances which demanded all his courage and decision of character. They occurred somewhere near the Rocky Mountains, and during one of those sudden and heavy falls of snow which he has once or twice encountered in his journey, and which lasted for *five weeks* at a time. The cold at this time was extreme. After toiling some days through the snow to reach a river, the whole company got so benumbed and downhearted, that a halt was called by one of his men, who had, on more than one occasion, exhibited a tendency to rebellion. They all refused to go farther, though the river was within marching distance before sunset, if they put forth all their energies to gain it. The plan of the mutineers was probably to desert the wagons, and go off with the mules. I forget now the details of the story. But I well remember the description he gave of his feelings, when he found himself hundreds of miles from any settlement, in the presence of sixty determined men with loaded rifles, and on the verge of mutiny. He knew that not a moment was to be lost. So, going up to the ringleader, he commanded him to mount and proceed. On his refusal, the merchant drew a pistol and shot him dead! He then went to the next, and gave the same command. The mesmeric power of fearless determination and authority was felt, and the whole band yielded. He took the first opportunity of explaining all his reasons to them; and while they admitted, after their danger and sufferings were over, that he was right, and had saved their lives, he insisted upon giving himself up to justice when he reached the states. Being freed from blame, he then petitioned Congress for a law to regulate such authority as his in the wilderness.

"Were you not afraid of your life?" I asked.

"With sixty rifles against me," he replied, "my life was easily taken. Either of us must succeed. If they did so, we must all have perished; if I did so, they were safe. I was like the captain of a mutinous crew at sea." What firmness, courage, and self-reliance from a sense of right!

One of the most singular escapes he had was during his last journey home. From some unknown cause, probably the flooding of distant rivers—the prairie often become like a shoreless sea, full of scattered green islands, which mark the more elevated knolls. One morning, he and his band found themselves on such an island.

"We had just reached," he said, "Prairie Park.—Two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest settlement at Fort Independence. The creeks were full. To proceed with our mules, for even a few miles, was impossible. Most of my men would have been drowned. Fortunately, they had a large quantity of buffalo meat, and from the space of ground which was dry, and the probability of the water somewhat abating, food could be obtained for the mules. But the settlements *must* be reached to get assistance, or all might perish. I resolved to make the attempt on foot. Taking a small quantity of buffalo meat with me, I started alone, committing myself to the care of God,—for it was a terribly journey, such as I never had to encounter before, and never can again. I once rode with three mules eight hundred and twenty miles in eight days, yet that was nothing to this journey! The water had risen forty feet in some places. After almost every mile of dry ground or shallow water, where I could wade, I was obliged to swim some creek or deep gully. One night I swam six large creeks. The cold was also great; yet, by God's help I travelled the two hundred and fifty miles in twelve days. I could not have slept more than two hours in the twenty four, and then it was a sort of feverish doze in my wet clothes, on a prairie knoll. For the last four days I had not a particle of food, and was compelled to eat, or rather to gnaw, my leather *moccasins* and braces. My clothes were almost all torn from my back. To add to my sufferings, I strained my ankle, and for the last hundred and ten miles—wet, naked, famished—I dragged myself along with great agony. I at last reached the end of my journey, dread fully swollen; and for six weeks I was confined to bed. Assistance was sent my men by a large escort with light canoes. With the loss of many of my mules, they at last arrived, but took *five weeks* to perform the journey. Thank God, I saved them! But it was worse than even the Jonada del Muerto." I was told that this adventure had attracted great notice in the United States at the time, though I never met any account of it. I believe it was strictly true.

Another "peril in the wilderness" is from the Indians. The Blackfeet and Raphoes are the deadliest enemies to the white man; no distance will weary them. The merchant arranged his camp every night in preparation for an attack. The wagons were drawn up in a double van; the mules and men in the centre; while a watch was placed outside. If the alarm was given, his men with loaded rifles ranged themselves under the protection of the wagons, and thus their position was almost impregnable. Often, however, in a desperate attack, they came to hand-and-hand struggle; but though occasionally some one of his men were killed, they came off always conquerors in the end. A ludicrous incident occurred in one of these engagements. One of his men had been scalped by the Indians some years before, and survived, as very few have ever done, the terrible operation. He procured a wig when at the settlements, and again was in a scrimmage with the savage foe; and again the knife was ready to encircle the head whose hair was scored by the Indian, when, in! the whole scalp came away of its own accord, and the bald head lay shining on the grass! The Indian looked horror struck. Expecting to meet a foe, he was persuaded that he had met a magician, and dropping both the wig and his tomahawk, he fled with a yell from the field of battle, leaving the enemy in possession of his precious life, and of his precious perruke, with the tomahawk to the bargain as a trophy!

Some of the Indian tribes are all cavalry regiments. The *Comanches* are a splendid race, numbering many thousands. They are all beautiful riders, women as well as men, and their hair being permitted to grow until it reaches far down their back, waves gracefully in the wind as they charge at full gallop. Their ease on horseback, the singular rapidity and agility of their movements, can only be equalled by the most practised riders. This moment they sit erect, in the next they are invisible. While charging, they stoop down, and draw the bow on the right side of the horse's neck, but, suddenly stopping, the horse is wheeled round, and nothing is visible but a part of the foot of the rider; his whole body is now hanging down on the other side of the horse, and his existence is discerned only by the arrow that comes whizzing from the unseen foe. The practised rifleman often shoots through the horse's neck to hit the Comanche's head, which he knows to be on the other side. So chivalrous are these Arabs of the western desert, that they often give warning of their intended attack, that there may be a fair stand-up fight. I may add, that they are all teetotallers, a virtue which, in the absence of charity in the Indian, may yet by some be thought capable of covering a multitude of sins in themselves, though the warriors deem it essential as a means of inflicting severer chastisement on others.

But the Blackfeet! These are the black snakes in the grass. The poor trappers have singular escapes from them. Unless I had perfect confidence in my informant, the facts which he related, and which others have since confirmed, of what some men are capable of enduring while effecting their escape from these wolf like pursuers, seem altogether incredible.

"Well," said the merchant, "it *is* wonderful! Such a fellow as Kidcarsters, for instance—"

"Who was he?" I asked.

"Oh! a famous half-breed, who all his life was among these wilds. Kidcarsters was once roused up by four warriors of the Blackfeet, who had vowed to kill him, as he had scalped one of the tribe in battle. They came on him as he was trapping on the North Fork, more than two hundred miles from Taos. I know the spot well. He had nothing for it but to throw away his precious rifle and traps, and run for his life. He did so, and Jack could run I assure you: he was all small bone, with muscle like whip-cord. He never stopped, ate, or slept till he reached Taos; and then he was only a few miles ahead of his foe. He stopped to drink in crossing the streams; that was all he had during the terrible race."

"A race of two hundred miles! impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Longer, sir,—longer, I believe; I have taken three days to the same journey on horseback, at the rate, I calculate, of more than seventy miles a day. No man who knows the Blackfeet and Kidcarstens would doubt it. *They* beat most runners; but Jack beats all!" "Talking of escapes from Indians," he continued, while he burst into a hearty laugh—a rare thing for my singularly grave friend, who seemed often to have caught the statue-like composure of the Redskin,—"the best I ever knew was old *Peg-leg Smith*. We called him Peg-leg because he had a wooden leg. He trapped along the Rocky Mountains, and sold to me or to the Hudson Boys, at the mouth of the Columbia. Peg had a white horse—his only companion for many a long day. His weapons were a long bowie-knife, and a rifle that never missed; but powder and shot were more precious to him than gold or diamonds. He knew the haunts of the Indians, and their habits so well, that he managed generally to keep out of the way of unfriendly tribes. But once on a time either Peg was out of his way, or some roving Blackfeet were out of theirs, and so they spied him, and he fortunately spied them. Well, I need not tell you that the white horse was soon put to his paces, to gain the nearest but yet distant settlement of friendly Indians. Away went Peg, and after him went the Blackfeet, with a yell that might have made any man but an old trapper give up in despair. Miles were soon passed, until the savages were a good way behind, and some times out of sight; but he knew well that, once on his trail, they would run along it, without a halt, like bloodhounds, ay, weeks after he had passed; for these fellows can follow up the trail of a deer even six weeks after he has gone over the ground, and can detect his track however frequently crossed by others; and, in the end, run him down! Poor Peg's horse left a surer impression behind than the deer! The enemy was coming on. Once dark, he thought he would cheat them, and arrive among his friends before daybreak. But the old horse was becoming wearied. The sun had yet a good yard or two to descend. On he went, however, for some miles farther, always keeping a good look-out towards his rear, till, on reaching a height, he saw two of his enemies far off, but the other two very close upon him, in full cry; so that it was evident they must very soon come up with him, more especially as he had entered on a mountain path. What was to be done? A few minutes more and they must be on him! He first unsung his rifle. He must risk one shot at all events, though but one more remained in his pouch. He made another preparation, which I shall tell you of immediately. Halting on a rising knoll, he dismounted, made his obedient horse stand like a statue, and calmly waited the approach of the two Indians, who must suddenly appear round a sharp turn, towards which he pointed his unerring rifle. Suddenly one of the enemy rushed on the path with a cry of surprise, and, in a moment, lay dead. The other appeared in a second after, when Peg-leg, having unstrapped his wooden leg, flourished it over his head; then presenting the stump to the foe, he flung the wooden leg at the Indian's head! But the savage, seeing his companion dead at his feet, and seeing, too, as he fancied, a *real* leg coming towards him, he stood for a moment panic-stuck by this exhibition of witchcraft, and, springing out of sight, was seen no more! Peg reached the settlement in safety, with his leg under his arm. The other Indians, he afterwards learned, had been warned by their companion to retire with all speed from the great wizard. Poor Peg-leg! The last time I saw him was at Jack Nolans', the tavern-keeper at Fort Independence. He had come in to sell his skins, and spend his money on drink, as he did every three or four years, for he had no other way of spending it. Banks are few, and securities uncertain, among the Raphoes and Blackfeet! Peg drank more than he could pay for, and Nolans seized the old horse for the debt, and told its master to die when and where he pleased, but he would get neither liquor nor horse till he paid for both. Alas! there was no trapping at Fort Independence. Peg could as well have paid your national debt. The horse was accordingly locked up in an outhouse, the door being fastened with a huge padlock, the key of which hung as an ornament near Mr. Nolans' bed. Early in the morning, Peg rose, stepped a few paces back from the padlock, covered the lock with his rifle, blew it open, limped in, and in a trice was mounted on the old horse. Mr. Nolans, alarmed by the shot, had come out in his night-dress to see what was the matter, but only got a peep of Peg, with his leg projecting like a bowsprit between him and the sky, on the top of a prairie knoll, waving his hand as he and his old horse retired once more to live, and I suppose to die, among the Rocky Mountains!"

"What a life!" said I.

"Ah! my friend, you have never tried it! once begun, it has a charm which acts like spirits to a confirmed drunkard; you may suffer from it, but habit prevents you from giving it up. I begin to fear I myself could never live in the settlements. As for such a man as Peg-leg Smith doing so, you might as well try and get an eagle to strut along the streets of New York."

The last time I saw the merchant was in Liverpool; and after a long chat, he wished to give me, as a parting gift—will the reader guess what?—a scalp of an Indian whom he had slain in battle! I begged he might not take the trouble of searching for the relic.—But a chord had been touched by the very mention of the scalp, and he fell into a reverie staring at the fire, while he slowly smoked his cigar. At last the puffs of smoke got quicker and quicker—the stern expression came to the eye—till, stamping with one foot on the floor, and clenching his hands, he said, with intense energy,

"I shall yet do for him!"

"For whom?" I inquired.

"That scoundrel Raphoe Indian who shot my brother!"

In the rich and populous settlement of Liverpool he was dreaming of the far west, and arranging, in his own mind, for his next attack upon the Raphoes, to revenge the death of a brother whom they had killed!

The last accounts I received of A. S., the merchant of the wilderness, were lately from an old friend who now resides in Mexico.—On asking him whether he had ever heard of such a person, he replied:

"His name has been well known in Mexico and the Far West for nearly thirty years as a very remarkable, honest, enterprising, and daring man. But I have lost sight of him for years. He returned, I believe, to Germany, after having made money in California, but could not resist the attractions of the wilderness, and so he went back again to the Far West. The last thing I heard about him was an incident very characteristic of the man. A diligence in which he was travelling near Mexico was attacked by a strong party of banditti, and robbed. The only one of the passengers who showed fight was a little, athletic, black-eyed man, who sat on his luggage with a loaded revolver in each hand, gazing with a stern look on the banditti.—'I know,' he said, 'you cowardly scoundrels, that you can kill me and rob me, but not before two of you, at least, are first shot by me, for I never missed. So keep off!' They did keep off; and the merchant of the wilderness thus saved his life and property. I have not heard of him since."

Such a strange life of energy and courage is worth knowing about.

THE GREAT PLAGUE OF 1666 IN SCOTLAND.—It was a fearful time! Whole households died, and there were none to bury them, neither would any go near them; and these houses of the dead were avoided, till first the thatch fell in, then the walls, and then a green knoll covered all, giving them a burial many, many years after it had been denied them by man. You see there Carradale Glen, where the plantings are, and where the river comes down from the mountains. Well, sir, in that glen, in the time of the great plague, there was a man who took the sickness, and hearing of what I've told you of the people dying in their houses, he feared he should not be buried. So this fear took such a power over him, that he prevailed on some of his friends to dig his grave; and he went and sat by and saw it done. When it was dug he laid himself in the grave, with his sword by his side, and presently he died, and his friends covered his body with turf. MacCaog was the man's name; and they will show you the grave to this day. "Uaigh-Mhic-Coag" is its Gaelic name which means, "the grave of MacCaog."—*Cuthbert Bede's "Glencreggan."*

SANGUINE MEN THE LEAST SUCCESSFUL.—In my recollections of school and college, I remember that as between two youths of equal ability and ambition, the odds of success in rivalry were always in favor of the one least sanguinely confident of succeeding. And obviously for this reason:—He who distrusts the security of chance takes more pains to effect the safety which results from labor. To find what you seek in the road of life, the best proverb of all is that which says "leave no stone unturned." As all men, however, have in their natures a certain degree of hope, so he is the wisest who husbands it with the most care. When you are engaged in any undertaking in which success depends partly on skill, partly on luck, always presuppose that the luck may go against you, for that presupposition redoubles all your efforts to obtain the advantages that belong to skill. Hope nothing from luck, and the probability is that you will be so prepared, forewarned and forearmed, that all shallow observers will call you lucky.—*Sir E. B. Lytton in Blackwood.*

A PULPIT CRITIC.—As an instance of inspection and criticism to which ministers are liable, the Christian Times relates that a minister lately preached before a certain church as a "candidate," and the next day one of the members was asked what he thought of him. "Oh," said he, with a significant shake of the head, "I knew he wouldn't do, the moment I saw how he held his hymn-book!" Rather an oversight, is it not, that the Scriptures should utterly fail to indicate the true style of holding the hymn-book?

☞ In all wedding cake, hope is the sweetest of the plums.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Once, long ago in summer's glow,
We threaded, you and I,
A garden's maze of pleasant ways
Whose beauty charmed the eye—
Where violets bent in sweet content,
And pinks stood proud and high.

And from their screen of tender green
Broad pansies, peeping through,
Wore gorgeous dyes like butterflies;—
Cool lilies kept the dew;
And fair and tall along the wall
The climbing roses grew.

The velvet bees in fragrant ease,
Lay drunken with perfume,—
Song-sparrows made the garden's shade
Their fitting concert-room,
And all the air was music there,
And all the earth was bloom.

There grew one plant in utter want
Of bud or blossom-dower;—
I broke a spray of leaves away,
And said—"The winter hour
Will crown these stems with diadems—
This bears the Christ's sweet flower.

"It cheers with bloom the stormy gloom
By chill December nursed;
And it is told in stories old
That this fair blossom first,
On that blest morn when Christ was born
Into white beauty burst.

"Perhaps—ah, well, we cannot tell
If truly it be so;
I but repeat the legend sweet,—
And only this I know—
That in the prime of Christmas time
The Christ's sweet flowers blow.

"More pure and clear than any here,
Their snowy discs unfold,
White as a star that melts afar
Into the morning's gold,—
And odor rare above compare,
Their fragrant fringes hold.

"This branch I break for memory's sake,
And ere descends the snow,
The slender bough I sever now
Within our home shall grow;
How brightly there, all white and fair,
The Christ's sweet flow'rs shall blow!"

* * * * *

The curtains fold away the cold,—
The bleak and drifting snow—
Red fire-gleams fall where on the wall
The pleasant pictures glow—
And fair and white beneath the light
The Christ's sweet flowers blow.

But cold and deep the snow drifts heap
Above thy silent form;
I cannot hold my garment's fold
Between thee and the storm—
I cannot dare the bitter air,
And clasp thee near and warm.

And what to me are light and glee
When all the while I know
That cold and deep the snow-drifts heap
Above thy slumber low—
What do I care that white and fair
The Christ's sweet flowers blow?

—Portland Transcript.

MR. SEWARD AND THE STAGE COACHMAN.—"I was," said Mr. Seward, while Governor of New York, "the sole occupant of a stage coach, journeying to a distant town, and, for the sake of companionship, took a seat upon the driver's box. That individual was a shrewd and sensible man of his class, and our conversation ranged freely over a variety of subjects, the politics of the day, however, being predominant. After an hour or two passed in agreeable discussion, I was ready to be set down at my place of destination, and on taking leave of my colloquial friend, he expressed a desire to know with whom he had had the pleasure of conversing. I told him my name, and casually added that I was the Governor. The man, instead of being upset by the latter announcement, or betraying any compunctions on account of his late familiarity, looked me boldly in the face, with an audacious leer and a decided wink, and replied, 'That won't do, sir; you may be Mr. Seward, but you ain't the Governor; Thurlow Weed is the Governor of New York.' And do you know," continued Governor Seward, with praiseworthy ingenuousness, "that I believe the fellow really knew me."

PARIS MUST BE AMUSED.—An event that I witnessed in Paris during the fearful scenes in 1848, strikingly illustrates this. The streets were wet with blood; all the theatres had been closed for some days, and there was not a single place of amusement open in all Paris. Well, at this juncture, when, be it remembered, life was far from safe, Victor Hugo gave notice of a motion in the National Assembly to the effect that it was desirable to make a large grant to the directors of various theatres, to enable them to be opened. I was present when he made his speech; and I confess, when I heard him say, before a crowded assembly that the safety of Paris depended on opening the theatres, the thought what manner of people are these, who can go to the theatres at such a time? was naturally forced on me. Victor Hugo's motion, I may add, was carried by an overwhelming majority; the theatres were immediately opened, and were, as usual, filled. Perhaps it was this amusement principle that the Emperor has ordered the erection of more new places of public amusement in Paris.—*Correspondent Athenæum.*

☞ It is said that Charlotte Cushman is to go upon the stage again to retrieve pecuniary losses. She lost much by the failure of the Cincinnati Life and Trust Company a few years ago.

☞ Bancroft, the historian, has a chair which he can fold up and carry in his pocket.

☞ A German has invented a machine that utters the Lord's prayer very eloquently.

TRUE OR FALSE?

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

I.

So you think you love me, do you?
Well, it may be so;
But there are many ways of loving
I have learnt to know.
Many ways, and but one true way,
Which is very rare;
And the counterfeits look brightest,
Though they will not wear.

II.

Yet they ring, almost, quite truly,
Last (with care) for long;
But in time must break, may shiver
At a touch of wrong:
Having seen what looked most real
Crumble into dust;
Now I choose that test and trial
Should precede my trust.

III.

I have seen a love demanding
Time and hope and tears,
Chaining all the past, exacting
Bonds from future years;
Mind and heart, and joy and sorrow,
Claiming as its fee:
That was Love of Self, and never,
Never Love of me!

IV.

I have seen a love forgetting
All above, beyond,
Linking every dream and fancy
In a sweeter bond;
Counting every hour worthless,
Which was cold or free:—
That, perhaps, was—Love of Pleasure,
But not Love of me!

V.

I have seen a love whose patience
Never turned aside,
Full of tender, fond devices;
Constant, even when tried;
Smallest boons were held as victories,
Drops that swelled the sea:
That I think was—Love of Power,
But not Love of me!

VI.

I have seen a love disdaining
Ease and pride and fame,
Burning even its own white pinions
Just to feed its flame;
Reigning thus, supreme, triumphant,
By the soul's decree;
That was—Love of Love, I fancy,
But not Love of me!

VII.

I have heard—or dreamt, it may be—
What Love is when true;
How to test and how to try it,
Is the gift of few:
These few say (or did I dream it?)
That true Love abides
In these very things, but always
Has a soul besides.

VIII.

Lives among the false loves, knowing
Just their peace and strife;
Bears the self-same look, but always
Has an inner life.
Only a true heart can find it,
True as it is true,
Only eyes as clear and tender
Look it through and through.

IX.

If it dies, it will not perish
By Time's slow decay,
True Love only grows (they tell me)
Stronger, day by day:
Pain—has been its friend and comrade;
Fate—it can defy;
Only by its own sword, sometime
Love can choose to die.

X.

And its grave shall be more noble
And more sacred still,
Than a throne, where one less worthy
Reigns and rules at will.
Tell me then, do you dare offer
This true Love to me?—
Neither you nor I can answer;
We will—wait and see!

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LV.

WELL NIGH WEARIED OUT.

Deerham was in a commotion. Not the Clay Lane part of it, of whom I think you have mostly heard, but that more refined if less useful portion, represented by Lady Verner, the Emsleys, the Bitterworths, and other of its aristocracy, congregating in its environs.

Summer had long come in and was now on the wane; and Sir Edmund Hautley, the only son and heir of Sir Rufus, was expected home. He had quitted the service, had made the overland route, and was now halting in Paris; but the day of his arrival at Deerham hall was fixed. And this caused the commotion: for it had pleased Miss Hautley to determine to welcome him with a *fete* and ball, the like of which for splendor had never been heard of in the county.

Miss Hautley was a little given to have an opinion of her own, and to hold to it. Sir Rufus had been the same. Their friends called it firmness; their enemies obstinacy. The only sister of Sir Rufus, not cordial with him during his life, she had invaded the Hall as soon as the life had left him, quitting her own comfortable and substantial residence to do it, and persisted in taking up her abode in it until Sir Edmund should return: as she was persisting now in giving this *fete* in honor of it. In vain those, who deemed themselves privileged to speak, pointed out to Miss Hautley that a *fete* might be considered out of place, given before Sir Rufus had been dead a twelvemonth, and that Sir Edmund might deem it so; furthermore, that Sir Edmund might prefer to find quietness on his arrival, instead of a crowd.

They might as well have talked to the wind, for all the impression it made upon Miss Hautley. The preparations for the gathering went on quickly, the invitations had gone out, and Deerham's head was turned. Those who did not get invitations were ready to swallow up those who did. Miss Hautley was as exclusive as ever proud old Sir Rufus had been, and many were left out who thought they *might* have been invited. Amongst others, the Miss Wests thought so, especially as one card had gone to their house—for Mr. Jan Verner.

Two cards had been left at Deerham Court, For Lady and Miss Verner: for Mr. and Mrs. Verner. By some strange oversight, Miss Tempest was overlooked. That it was a simple oversight, there was no doubt; and so it turned out to be. For, after the *fete* was over, reserved old Miss Hautley condescended to explain that it was, and to apologize; but this is dating forward. It was not known to be an oversight when the cards arrived, and Lady Verner felt inclined to resent it. She hesitated whether to treat it resentfully and stay away herself; or to take no notice of it farther than by conveying Lucy to the Hall in place of Decima.

Lucy laughed. She did not seem to care at all for the omission: but, as to going without the invitation, or in anybody's place, she would not hear of it.

"Decima will not mind staying at home," said Lady Verner. "She never cares to go out. You will not care to go, will you, Decima?"

An unwonted flush of crimson rose to Decima's usually calm face.

"I should like to go to this, mamma; as Miss Hautley has asked me."

"*Like* to go to it?" repeated Lady Verner. "Are you growing capricious, Decima? You generally profess to 'like' to stay at home."

"I would rather go this time, if you have no objection," was the quiet answer of Decima.

"Dear Lady Verner, if Decima remained at home I should not go," interposed Lucy. "Only fancy my intruding there without an invitation! Miss Hautley might order me out again."

"It is well to make a joke of it, Lucy, when I am vexed," said Lady Verner. "I daresay it is only a mistake; but I don't like such mistakes."

"I daresay it is nothing else," replied Lucy, laughing. "But, as to making my appearance there under the circumstances, I could not really do it to oblige even you, Lady Verner. And I would just as soon be at home."

Lady Verner resigned herself to the decision, but she did not look pleased.

"It is to be I and Decima, then, Lionel—" glancing across the table at him—"you will accompany me. I cannot go without you."

It was at the luncheon table they were discussing this: a meal of which Lionel rarely partook; in fact, was rarely at home to partake of it; but he happened to be there to-day. Sibylla was present. Recovered from the accident—if it may be so called—of the breaking of the blood vessel, she had appeared to grow stronger and better with the summer weather. Jan knew the improvement was all deceit, and told them so; told *her* so; that the very greatest caution was necessary, if she would avert a second similar attack; in fact, half the time of Jan's visits at Deerham Court was spent in enjoining perfect tranquility on Sibylla.

But she was so obstinate! She would not keep herself quiet: she would go out; she would wear those thin summer dresses, low in the evening. She is wearing a delicate muslin now, as she sits by Lady Verner, and her blue eyes are suspiciously bright, and her cheeks are suspiciously hectic, and the old labored breath can be seen through the muslin moving her chest up and down, as it used to be seen. A lovely vision still, with her golden hair clustering about her; but her hands are hot and trembling, and her frame is painfully thin. Certainly she does not look fit to enter upon evening gayety, and Lady Verner in addressing her son, "You will go with me, Lionel," proved that she never so much as cast a thought to the improbability that Sibylla would venture thither.

"If—you—particularly wish it, mother," was Lionel's reply, spoken with hesitation.

"Do you not wish to go?" rejoined Lady Verner.

"I would very much prefer not," he replied.

"Nonsense, Lionel! I don't think you have gone out once since you left Verner's Pride. Staying at home won't mend matters. I *wish* you to go with me; I shall make a point of it."

Lady Verner spoke with some irritation, and Lionel said no more. He supposed he must acquiesce.

It was no long-timed invitation of weeks. The cards arrived on the Monday, and the *fete* was for the following Thursday. Lionel thought no more about it; he was not like the ladies, whose toilettes would take all of that time to prepare. On the Wednesday Decima took him aside.

"Lionel, do you know that Mrs. Verner intends to go to-morrow evening?"

Lionel paused: paused from surprise.

"You must be mistaken, Decima. She sent a refusal."

"I fancy that she did not send a refusal.—And I feel sure she is thinking of going. You will not judge that I am unwarrantably interfering," Decima added, in a tone of deprecation. "I would not do such a thing. But I thought it was right to apprise you of this. She is not well enough to go out."

With a pressure of the hand on his sister's shoulder, and a few muttered words of dismay, which she did not catch, Lionel sought his wife. No need of questioning, to confirm the truth of what Decima had said: Sibylla was figuring off before the glass, after the manner of her girlish days, with a wreath of white flowers on her head. It was her own sitting-room, the pretty room of the blue and white panels; and the tables and chairs were laden with other wreaths with various head-ornaments. She was trying their different effect, when, on turning round her head, as the door opened, she saw it was her husband. His presence did not appear to discompose her, and she continued to place the wreath to her satisfaction, pulling it here and there with her thin and trembling hands.

"What are you doing?" asked Lionel.

"Trying on wreaths," she replied.

"So I perceive. But why?"

"To see which suits me best. This looks too white for me, does it not?" she added, turning her countenance towards him.

If to be the same hue as the complexion was "too white," it certainly did look so. The dead white of the roses was not more utterly colorless than Sibylla's face. She was like a ghost: she often looked so now.

"Sibylla," he said, without answering her question, "you are surely not thinking of going to Sir Edmund's to-morrow night?"

"Yes I am."

"You said you would write a refusal?"

"I know I *said* it. I saw how cross-grained you were going to be over it, and that's why I said it to you. I accepted the invitation."

"But, my dear, you must not go!"

Sibylla was flinging off the white wreath, and taking up a pink one, which she began to fix in her hair. She did not answer.

"After all," deliberated she, "I have a great mind to wear pearls. Not a wreath at all."

"Sibylla! I say you *must* not go."

"Now, Lionel, it is of no use your talking. I have made up my mind to go; I did at first; and go I shall. Don't you remember," she continued, turning her face from the glass towards him, her careless tone changing for one of sharpness, "that papa said I must not be crossed?"

"But you are not in a state to go out," remonstrated Lionel. "Jan forbids it utterly."

"Jan? Jan's in your pay. He says what you tell him to say."

"Child, how can you give utterance to such things?" he asked, in a tone of emotion. "When Jan interdicts your going out he has only your welfare at heart. And you *know* that I have it. Evening air and scenes of excitement are equally pernicious for you."

"I shall go," returned Sibylla. "*You* are going, you know," she resentfully said. "I wonder you don't propose that I should be locked up at home in a dark closet, while you are there, dancing."

A moment's deliberation in his mind, and a rapid resolution.

"I shall not go, Sibylla," he rejoined. "I shall stay at home with you."

"Who says you are going to stay at home?"

"I say it myself. I intend to do so. I shall do so."

"Oh. Since when, pray, have you come to that decision?"

Had she not the penetration to see that he had come to it then; then, as he talked to her; that he had come to it for her sake? That she should not have it to say he went while she was at home. Perhaps she did see it: but it was nearly impossible to Sibylla not to indulge in bitter, aggravating retorts.

"I understand!" she continued, throwing up her head with an air of supreme scorn. "Thank you, don't trouble yourself. I am not too ill to stoop, ill as you wish to make me out to be."

In displacing the wreath on her head to put it in a different position, she had let it fall. Lionel's stooping to pick it up had called for the last remark. As he handed it to her, he took her hand.

"Sibylla, promise me to think no more of this. Do give it up."

"I won't give it up," she vehemently answered. "I shall go. And, what's more, I shall dance."

Lionel quitted her and sought his mother. Lady Verner was not very well that afternoon, and was keeping her room. He found her in an invalid chair.

"Mother, I have come to tell you that I cannot accompany you to-morrow evening," he said. "You must please excuse me."

"Why so?" asked Lady Verner.

"I would so very much rather not go," he answered. "Besides, I do not care to leave Sibylla."

Lady Verner made no observation for a few moments. A curious smile, almost a pitying smile, was hovering on her lips.

"Lionel, you are a model husband. Your father was not a bad one, as husbands go; but—he would not have bent his neck to such treatment from me, as you take from Mrs. Verner."

"No?" returned Lionel, with good humor. "It is not right of you, Lionel, to leave me to go alone, with only Decima."

"Let Jan accompany you, mother."

"*Jan!*" uttered Lady Verner, in the very extreme of astonishment. "I should be surprised to see Jan attempt to enter such a scene. Jan! I don't suppose he possesses a coat and waistcoat."

Lionel smiled, quitted his mother, and bent his steps towards Jan Verner's.

Not to solicit Jan's attendance upon Lady Verner to the festival scene, or to make serious inquiries as to the state of Jan's wardrobe. No; Lionel had a more serious motive for his visit.

He found Jan and Master Cheese enjoying a sort of battle. The surgery looked as if it had been turned upside down, so much confusion reigned. White earthenware vessels of every shape and form, glass jars, huge glass jars, brass pots, metal pans, were scattered about in inextricable confusion. Master Cheese had recently got up a taste for chemical experiments, in which it appeared necessary to call into requisition an unlimited quantity of accessories in the apparatus line. He had been entering upon an experiment this afternoon, when Jan came unexpectedly in, and caught him.

Not for the litter and confusion was Jan displeased, but because he found that Master Cheese had so bungled chemical properties in his head, so confounded one dangerous substance with another, that, five minutes longer, the result would probably have been the blowing off of the surgery roof, and Master Cheese and his vessels with it. Jan was giving him a sharp and decisive word, not to attempt anything of the sort again, until he could bring more correct knowledge to bear upon it, when Lionel interrupted them.

"I want to speak to you, Jan," he said.

"Here, you be off, and wash the powder off your hands," cried Jan to Master Cheese, who was looking ruefully cross. "I'll put the things straight."

The young gentleman departed. Lionel sat down on the only chair he could see. One probably kept for the accommodation of patients who might want a few teeth drawn. Jan was rapidly reducing the place to order.

"What is it, Lionel?" he asked, when it was pretty clear.

"Jan, you must see Sibylla. She wants to go to Deerham Hall to-morrow night."

"She can't go," replied Jan. "Nonsense."

"But she says she will go."

Jan leaned his long body over the counter, and brought his face nearly on a level with Lionel's, speaking slowly and impressively.

"If she goes, Lionel, it will kill her."

Lionel rose to depart. He was on his way to Verner's Pride.

"I called in to tell you this, Jan, and to ask you to step up and remonstrate with her."

"I'll go," said Jan. "Mark me, Lionel, *she must not go.* And if there's no other way of keeping her away, you, her husband, must forbid it. A little more excitement than usual, and there'll be another vessel of the lungs ruptured. If that happens, nothing can save her life. Keep her at home, by force if necessary: any way keep her."

"And what of the excitement that that will cause?" questioned Lionel. "It may be as fatal as the other."

"I don't know," returned Jan, speaking for once in his life testily, in the vexation the difficulty brought him. "My belief is, that Sibylla's mad. She'd never be so stupid, were she sane."

"Go to her, and see what you can do," concluded Lionel, as he turned away.

Jan proceeded to Deerham Court, and had an interview with Mrs. Verner. It was not of a very agreeable nature, neither did much satisfaction ensue from it. After a few recriminating retorts to Jan's arguments, which he received as equably as though they had been compliments, Sibylla subsided into sullen silence. And when Jan left, he could not tell whether she still persisted in her project, or whether she gave it up.

Lionel returned late in the evening: he had been detained at Verner's Pride. Sibylla appeared sullen still. She was in her own sitting-room, up stairs, and Lucy was bearing her company. Decima was in Lady Verner's chamber.

"Have you had any dinner?" inquired Lucy. *She* did not ask. She would not have asked had he been starving.

"I took a bit with John Massinghird," he replied. "Is my mother better, do you know?"

"Not much, I think," said Lucy. "Decima is sitting with her."

Lionel stood in his old attitude, his elbow on the mantel piece by his wife's side, looking down at her. Her eyes were suspiciously bright, her cheeks now shone with their most crimson hectic. It was often the case at this, the twilight hour of the evening. She wore a low dress, and the gold chain on her neck rose and fell with every breath. Lucy's neck was uncovered, too: a fair, pretty neck; one that did not give you the shudders when looked at, as poor Sibylla's did. Sibylla leaned back on the cushion of her chair, toying with a fragile hand-screen of feathers. Lucy, sitting on the opposite side, had been reading; but she had let the book down when Lionel entered.

"John Massinghird desired me to ask you, Sibylla, if he should send you the first plate of grapes they cut."

"I'd rather have the first bar of wax nuts they shake," answered Sibylla. "I never care for grapes."

"He can send you both," said Lionel: but an uncomfortable, dim recollection came over him, of Jan's having told her she must not eat walnuts. For Jan to tell her not to do a thing, however—or, in fact, anybody else—was the sure signal for Sibylla to do it.

"Does John Massinghird intend to go to-morrow evening?" inquired Sibylla.

"To Deerham Hall, do you mean? John Massinghird has received no invitation."

"What's that for?" quickly asked Sibylla.

"Some whim of Miss Hautley's, I suppose. They have been issued very parsimoniously. John says it is just as well he did not get one, for he should either not have responded to it, or else made his appearance there with his clay pipe."

Lucy laughed.

"He is glad to be without it," continued Lionel. "It saves him the trouble of a refusal. I don't think any doll would get John Massinghird to go; unless he could be received in what he calls his diggings-toggery."

"I'd not have gone with him; I don't like him well enough," resentfully spoke Sibylla; "but as he is not going, he can let me have the loan of my own carriage—at least, the carriage that was my own. I dislike those old hired things."

The words struck on Lionel like a knell. He foresaw trouble.

"Sibylla," he gravely said, "I have been speaking to Jan. He—"

"Yes, you have!" she vehemently interrupted, her pent-up anger bursting forth. "You went to him, and sent him here, and told him what to say,—all on purpose to cross me. It is wicked of you to be so jealous of my having a little pleasure."

"Jealous of—I don't understand you, Sibylla."

"You won't understand me, you mean. Never mind! never mind!"

"Sibylla," he said, bending his head slightly towards her, and speaking in low, persuasive accents, "I *cannot* let you go to-morrow night. If I cared for you less, I might let you risk it. I have given up going, and—"

"You never meant to go," she interrupted.

"Yes I did: to please my mother. But that is of no consequence—"

"I tell you, you never meant to go, Lionel Verner!" she passionately burst forth, her cheeks flaming. "You are stopping at home on purpose to be with Lucy Tempest. It is a concocted plan between you and her. Her society is more to you than any you'd find at Deerham Hall."

Lucy looked up with a start—a sort of shiver—her sweet brown eyes open with innocent wonder. Then the full sense of the words appeared to penetrate to her, and her face grew hot with a glowing scarlet flush. She said nothing. She rose quietly, not hurriedly, took up the book she had put on the table, and quietly left the room.

Lionel's face was glowing, too,—glowing with the red blood of indignation. He bit his lips for calmness, leaving the mark there for hours. He strove manfully with his angry spirit: it was rising up to open rebellion. A minute and the composure of self-control came to him. He stood before his wife, his arms folded.

"You are my wife," he said. "I am bound to defend, to excuse you so far as I may; but these insults to Lucy Tempest I cannot excuse. She is the daughter of my dead father's dearest friend; she is living here under the protection of my mother, and it is incumbent upon me to put a stop to these scenes, so far as she is concerned. If I cannot do it in one way I must in another."

"You know she and you would like to stay at home together—and get the rest of us out."

"Be silent!" he said, in a sterner tone than he had ever used to her. "You cannot reflect upon what you are saying. Accuse me as you please; I will bear it patiently, if I can; but Miss Tempest must be spared. You *know* how utterly unfounded are such thoughts; you know that she is refined, gentle, single-hearted; that all her thoughts to you, as my wife, are those of friendship and kindness. What would my mother think were she to hear this?"

Sibylla made no reply.

"You have never seen a look or heard a word pass between me and Lucy Tempest that was not of the most open nature, entirely compatible with her position, that of a modest and refined gentlewoman, and of mine, as your husband. I think you must be mad, Sibylla."

The words Jan had used. If such temperaments do not deserve the name of madness, they are near akin to it. Lionel spoke with emotion: it all but overmastered him, and he went back to his place by the mantel-piece, his chest heaving.

"I shall leave this residence as speedily as may be," he said. "Giving some trivial excuse to my mother for the step. I see no other way to put an end to this."

Sibylla, her mood changing, burst into tears. "I don't want to leave it," she said, quite in a humble tone.

He was not inclined for argument. He had rapidly made his mind up, believing it was the only course open to him. He must go away with his wife, and so leave the house in peace. Saying something to that effect he quitted the room, leaving Sibylla sobbing fractiously on the pillow of the chair.

He went down to the drawing-room. He did not care where he went, or what became of him: it is an unhappy thing when affairs grow to that miserable pitch, that the mind has neither ease nor comfort anywhere. At the first moment of entering, he thought the room was empty, but as his eyes grew accustomed to the dusk, he discerned the form of some one standing at the distant window. It was Lucy Tempest. Lionel went straight up to her: he felt that some apology or notice from him was due. She was crying bitterly, and turned to him before he could speak.

"Mr. Verner, I feel my position keenly. I would not remain here to make things unpleasant to your wife for the whole world. But I cannot help myself. I have nowhere to go until papa shall return to Europe."

"Lucy, let me say a word to you," he whispered, his tones impeded, his breath coming thick and fast from his hot and crimsoned lips. "There are moments in a man's lifetime when he must *be true*; when the artificial gloss thrown on social intercourse fades out of sight. This is one."

Her tears fell more quietly.

"I am so very sorry!" she continued to murmur.

"Were you other than what you are, I might meet you with some of this artifice; I might pretend not to know aught of what has been said; I might attempt some elaborate apology. It would be worse than folly from me to you. Let me tell you, that could I have shielded you from this insult with my life, I would have done it."

"Yes, yes," she hurriedly answered.

"You will not mistake me. As the daughter of my father's dearest friend, as my mother's honored guest, I speak to you. I speak to you as one whom I am bound to protect from harm and insult, only in a less degree than I would protect my wife. You will do me the justice to believe it."

"I know it. Indeed I do not blame you."

"Lucy, I would have prevented this, had it been in my power. But it was not. I could not help it. All I can do is to take steps that it shall not occur again in the future. I scarcely know what I am saying to you. My life, what with one thing and another, is well-nigh wearied out."

Lucy had long seen that. But she did not say so.

"It will not be long now before papa is at home," she answered, "and then I shall leave Deerham Court free. Thank you for speaking to me," she simply said, as she was turning to leave the room.

He took both her hands in his; he drew her nearer to him, his head was bent down to hers, his whole frame shook with emotion. Was he tempted to take a caress from her sweet face, as he had taken it years ago? Perhaps he was. But Lionel Verner was not one to lose his self-control where there was real necessity for his retaining it. His position was different now from what it had been then; and, if the temptation was strong, it was kept in check, and Lucy never knew it had been there.

"You will forget it for my sake, Lucy? You will not resent it upon her? She is very ill."

"It is what I wish to do," she gently said. "I do not know what foolish things I might not say, were I suffering like Mrs. Verner."

"God bless you for ever, Lucy!" he murmured. "May your future life be more fortunate than mine is."

Relinquishing her hands, he watched her disappear through the darkness of the room. She was dearer to him than his own life; he loved her better than all earthly things. That the knowledge was all too palpable then, he was bitterly feeling, and he could not suppress it. He could neither suppress the knowledge, nor the fact; it had been very present with him for long and long. He could not help it, as he said. He believed in his honest heart that he had not encouraged the passion; that it had taken root and spread unconsciously to himself. He would have driven it away had it been in his power; he would drive it away now, could he do it by any amount of energy or will. But it could not be. And Lionel Verner leaned in the dark there against the window-frame, resolving to do as he had done before—had done all along. To suppress it ever; to ignore it, so far as might be; and to do his duty as honestly and lovingly by his wife, as though the love were not there.

He *had* been enabled to do this hitherto, and he would still; God helping him.

CHAPTER LVI.

GOING TO THE BALL.

It was the day of the *fete* at Deerham Hall. Sibylla awoke in an amiable mood, unusually so for her, and Lionel, as he dressed, talked to her gravely and kindly, urging upon her the necessity of relinquishing her determination to be present. It appeared that she was also reasonable that morning, as well as amiable, for she listened to him, and at length voluntarily said she would think no more about it.

"But you must afford me some treat in place of it," she immediately added. "Will you promise to take me some whole day next week to Heartburg?"

"Willingly," replied Lionel. "There is to be a morning concert at Heartburg next Tuesday. If you feel well enough we can attend that."

He did not think morning concerts, and the fatigue they sometimes entail, particularly desirable things for his wife; but, compared with hot ball rooms and the night air, they seemed innocuous. Sibylla liked morning concerts uncommonly, nearly as much as Master Cheese liked tarts; she liked anything that afforded an apology for dress and display.

"Mind, Lionel, you *promise* to take me," she reiterated.

"Yes. Provided you feel equal to going."

Sibylla took breakfast in her own room, according to custom. Formerly she had done so through illness; now she was really not well enough to rise early. Lionel, when he joined the family breakfast table, announced the news; announced it in his own characteristic manner.

"Sibylla thinks, after all, that she will be better at home, this evening," he said. "I am glad she has so decided it."

"Her senses have come to her, have they?" remarked Lady Verner.

He made no reply. He never did make a reply to any shaft lanced by Lady Verner at his wife. My lady was sparing of her shafts in a general way since they had resided with her, but she did throw one out now and then.

"You will go with me, then, Lionel."

He shook his head, telling his mother she must excuse him; it was not his intention to be present.

Sibylla continued in a remarkably quiet, not to say affable, temper all day. Lionel was out, but returned home to dinner. By and-by Lady Verner and Decima retired to dress. Lucy went up with Decima, and Lionel remained with his wife.

When they came down, Sibylla was asleep on the sofa. Lady Verner wore some of the magnificent and yet quiet attire that had pertained to her gayer days; Decima was in white. Lionel put on his hat and went out to hand them into the carriage that waited. As he did so, the aspect of his sister's face struck him.

"What is the matter, Decima?" he exclaimed. "You are looking perfectly white."

She only smiled in answer; a forced, unnatural smile, as it appeared to Lionel. But he said no more; he thought the white hue might be only the shade cast by the moonlight. Lady Verner looked from the carriage to ask a question.

"Is Jan really going, do you know, Lionel? Lucy says she thinks he is. I do hope and trust that he will be attired like a Christian, if he is absurd enough to appear."

"I think I'll go and see," answered Lionel, a smile crossing his face. "Take care, Catherine."

Old Catherine, who had come out with shawls, was dangerously near the wheels—and the horses were on the point of starting. She stepped back, and the carriage drove on.

The bustle had aroused Sibylla. She rose to look from the window; saw the carriage depart, saw Catherine come in, saw Lionel walk away toward Deerham. It was all clear in the moonlight. Lucy Tempest was looking from the other window.

"What a lovely night it is!" she exclaimed. "I should not mind a drive of ten miles, such a night as this."

"And yet they choose to say that going out would hurt me!" spoke Sibylla in a resentful tone. "They only do it on purpose to vex me."

Lucy chose to ignore the subject; it was not her business to enter into it one way or the other. She felt that Mrs. Verner had done perfectly right in remaining at home; that her strength would have been found unequal to support the heat and excitement of a ball-room, following on the night air of the transit to it. Lovely as the night was, it was cold; for some few evenings past the gardeners had complained of frost.

Lucy drew from the window with a half sigh; it seemed almost a pity to shut out that pleasant moonlight; turned, and stirred the fire into a blaze. Sibylla's chilly nature caused them to enter upon evening fires before other people thought of them.

"Shall I ring for lights, Mrs. Verner?"

"I suppose it's time, and past time," was Sibylla's answer. "I must have been asleep ever so long."

Catherine brought them in. The man-servant had gone in attendance on his mistress. The moderate household of Lady Verner consisted now but of four domestics:—Therese, Catherine, the cook, and the man.

"Shall I bring tea in, Miss Lucy?" asked Catherine.

Lucy turned her eyes on Sibylla.

"Would you like tea now, Mrs. Verner?"

"No," answered Sibylla. "Not yet."

She left the room as she spoke. Old Catherine, who had been lowering the curtains, followed next. Lucy drew a chair to the fire, sat down, and fell into a reverie.

She was aroused by the door opening again. It proved to be Catherine with the tea-things.

"I thought I'd bring them in, and then they'll be ready," remarked she. "You can please to ring, Miss, when you want the urn."

Lucy simply nodded, and Catherine returned to the kitchen, to enjoy a social *tête-à-tête* supper with the cook. Mademoiselle Therese, taking advantage of her mistress's absence, had gone out for the rest of the evening. The two servants sat on and chatted together; so long, that Catherine openly wondered at the urn's not being called for.

"They must both have gone to sleep, I should think," quoth she. "Miss Lucy over the fire in the sitting-room, and Mr. Lionel's wife over hers, up-stairs. I have not heard her come down—"

Catherine stopped. The cook had started up, her eyes fixed on the doorway. Catherine, whose back was towards it, hastily turned; and an involuntary exclamation broke from her lips.

Standing there was Mrs. Verner, looking like—like a bedecked skeleton. She was in fairy attire. A gossamer robe of white with shining ornaments, and a wreath that seemed to sparkle with glittering dew-drops on her head. But her arms were thin, wasted; and the bones of her poor neck seemed to rattle as they heaved painfully under the gems; and her face had not so much as the faintest tinge of hectic, but was utterly colorless; worse; it was wan, ghastly. A distressing sight to look upon, was she, as she stood there; she and the festal attire were so completely at variance. She came forward, before the servants could recover from their astonishment.

"Where's Richard?" she asked, speaking in a low, subdued tone, as if fearing to be heard—though there was nobody in the house to hear her, save Lucy Tempest. And probably it was from her wish to avoid all attention to her proceedings that caused her to come down steal-ily to the servants, instead of ringing for them.

"Richard is not come back, ma'am," answered Catherine. "We have just been saying that he'll most likely stop up there with the Hall servants until my lady returns."

"Not back?" echoed Sibylla. "Cook, you must go out for me," she imperiously added, after a moment's pause. "Go to Dean's and order one of their flies here directly. Wait, and come back with it."

The cook, a simple sort of a young woman, save in her own special department, did not demur, or appear to question in the least the expediency of the order. Catherine questioned it very much indeed; but while she hesitated what to do, whether to stop the cook, or to venture on a remonstrance to Mrs. Verner, or to appeal to Miss Tempest to do it, the cook was gone. Servants are not particular in country places, and the girl went straight out as she was, staying to put nothing on.

Sibylla appeared to be shivering. She took up her place right in front of the fire, holding out her hands to the blaze. Her teeth chattered, her whole frame trembled.

"The fire in my dressing-room went out," she remarked. "Take care that you make up a large one by the time I return."

"You'll never go, ma'am?" cried old Catherine, breaking through her reserve. "You are not strong enough."

"Mind your own business," sharply retorted Sibylla. "Do you think I don't know my own feelings, whether I am strong, or whether I am not? I am as strong as you."

Catherine dared no more. Sibylla cowered over the fire, her head turned sideways as she glanced on the table.

"What's that?" she suddenly cried, pointing to the contents of a jug.

"It's beer, ma'am," answered Catherine. "That stupid girl drew just as much as if Richard and Therese had been at home. Maybe Therese will be in yet for supper."

"Give me a glass of it. I am thirsty."

Again old Catherine hesitated. Malt liquor had been expressly forbidden to Mrs. Verner. It made her cough frightfully.

"You know, ma'am, the doctors have said—"

"Will you hold your tongue? And give me what I require? You are as bad as Mr. Verner."

Catherine reached a tumbler, poured it half full, and handed it. Mrs. Verner did not take it.

"Fill it," she said.

So old Catherine, much against her will, had to fill it, and Sibylla drained the glass to the very bottom. In truth, she was continually thirsty: she seemed to have a perpetual inward fever upon her. Her shoulders were shivering as she set down the glass.

"Go and find my opera cloak, Catherine. It must have dropped, on the stairs. I know I put it on as I left my room."

Catherine quitted the kitchen on the errand. She would have liked to close the door after her: but it happened to be pushed quite back with a chair against it; and the pointedly shutting it might have been noticed by Sibylla. She found the opera cloak lying on the landing, near Sibylla's bed-room door.—Catching it up, she slipped off her shoes at the same moment, stole down noiselessly and went into the presence of Miss Tempest.

Lucy looked astonished. She sat at the table reading, waiting with all patience the entrance of Sibylla, ere she made the tea.—To see Catherine steal in covertly with her finger to her lips, excited her wonder.

"Miss Lucy, she's going to the ball," was the old servant's salutation, as she approached close to Lucy, and spoke in the faintest whisper. "She is shivering over the kitchen fire, with hardly a bit of gown to her back, so far as warmth goes. Here's her opera cloak: she dropped it coming down. Cook's gone out for a fly."

Lucy felt startled.

"Do you mean Mrs. Verner?"

"Why, of course I do," answered Catherine. "She has been up stairs all this while, and has dressed herself alone. She must not go, Miss Lucy. She's looking like a ghost. What will Mr. Verner say to us, if we let her? It may just be her death."

Lucy clasped her hands in her consternation.

"Catherine, what can we do? We have no influence over her. She would not listen to us for a moment. If we could but find Mr. Verner!"

"He was going round to Mr. Jan's when my fly drove off. I heard him say it. Miss Lucy, I can't go after him: she'd find me out. I can't leave her, or leave the house.—Bob he ought to be got here."

Did the woman's words point to the suggestion that Lucy should go? Lucy may have thought it: or, perhaps, she entered on the suggestion of her own accord.

"I will go, Catherine," she whispered. "I don't mind it. It is nearly as light as day outside, and I shall soon be at Mr. Jan's. You go back to Mrs. Verner."

Feeling that there was not a moment to be lost, feeling that Mrs. Verner ought to be stopped at all hazards for her own sake, Lucy caught up a shawl and a green sun-bonnet of Lady Verner's that happened to be in the hall, and thus hastily attired, went out. Speeding swiftly along the moonlight road she soon gained Deerham, and turned to the house of Dr. West. A light in the surgery guided her there at once.

But the light was there alone. Nobody was present to reap its benefit or to answer intruders. Lucy knocked pretty loudly on the counter without being forth any result. Apparently she was not heard: perhaps from the fact that the sound was drowned in the noise of some fizzing and popping which seemed to be going on in the next room—Jan's bed-room. Her consideration for Mrs. Verner put ceremony out of the question in fact, Lucy was not given at the best of times to stand much upon that: and she stepped round the counter, and knocked briskly at the door. Possibly Lionel might be in there with Jan.

Lionel was not. Or Jan, either. The door was gingerly opened about two inches by Master Cheese, who was enveloped in a great white apron and white over-sleeves. His face looked red and confused as it peeped out, like that of one who is caught at some forbidden mischief, and Lucy obtained sight of a perfect mess of vessels, brass, earthenware, glass and clay, with which the room was strewed. In point of fact, Master Cheese, believing he was safe from Jan's superintendence for some hours, had seized upon the occasion to plunge into his forbidden chemical researches again, and had taken French leave to use Jan's bed-room for the purpose, the surgery being limited for space.

"What do you want?" cried he, roughly, staring at Lucy.

"Is Mr. Verner here?" she asked.

Then Master Cheese knew the voice, and condescended a sort of apology for his abruptness.

"I didn't know you, Miss Tempest, in that fright of a bonnet," said he, walking forth and closing the bed room door behind him. "Mr. Verner's not here."

"Do you happen to know where he is?" asked Lucy. "He said he was coming here an hour ago."

"So he did come here; and saw Jan. Jan's gone to the ball. And Miss Deb and Miss Amily are gone to a party at Heartburg."

"Is he," returned Lucy, referring to Jan, and surprised to hear the news, bails not being in Jan's line.

"I can't make it out," remarked Master Cheese. "He and Sir Edmund used to be cronies, I think; so I suppose that has taken him. But I am glad they are all off; it gives me a whole evening to myself. He and Mr. Verner went away together."

"I wish very much to find Mr. Verner," said Lucy. "It is of great consequence that I should see him. I suppose—you—could not—go and look for him, Master Cheese?" she added, pleadingly.

"Couldn't do it," responded Master Cheese, thinking of his forbidden chemicals. "When Jan's away I am chief, you know, Miss Tempest. A case of broken leg may be brought in, for anything I can tell."

Lucy wished him good-night and turned away. She hesitated at the corner of the street, gazing up and down. To start on a search for Lionel, appeared to be about as hopeful a project as that search, renowned in proverb, the looking for a needle in a stack of hay. The custom of Deerham was, not to light the lamps on a moonlight night, so the street, as Lucy glanced on either side, lay white and quiet; no glare to disturb its peace, save from some shop, not yet closed. Mrs. Duff's opposite, was among the latter catalogue; and her son, Mr. Dan, appeared to be taking a little tumbling recreation on the flags before the bay window. Lucy crossed over to him.

"Dan," said she, "do you happen to have seen Mr. Verner pass lately?"

Dan, just then on his head, turned himself upside down, and alighted on his feet, humble and subdued.

"Please, Miss, I see'd him awhile agone along of Mr. Jan," was the answer, pulling his hair by way of salutation. "They went that way. Mr. Jan was all in black, he was."

The boy pointed towards Deerham Court, towards Deerham Hall. There was little doubt that Jan was then on his way to the latter. But the question for Lucy was—where had Lionel gone?

She could not tell; the very speculation upon it was unprofitable, since it could lead to no certainty. Lucy turned homewards, walking quickly.

She had got past the houses, when she discerned before her in the distance, a form which instinct—perhaps some dearer feeling—told her was that of him of whom she was in search. He was walking with a slow, leisurely step towards his home. Lucy's heart gave a bound—that it did so still at his sight, as it had done in the earlier days, was no fault of hers; heaven knew that she had striven and prayed against it. When she caught up to him she was out of breath, so swiftly had she sped.

"Lucy!" he uttered. "*Lucy!* What do you do here?"

"I came out to look for you," she simply said; "there was nobody else at home to come. I went to Jan's, thinking you might be there. Mrs. Verner has dressed herself to go to Sir Edmund's. You may be in time to stop her, if you make haste."

With a half-uttered exclamation, Lionel was speeding off, when he appeared to remember Lucy. He turned to take her with him.

"No," said Lucy, stopping. "I could not go as quickly as you; and a minute, more or less, may make all the difference. There is nothing to hurt me. You make the best of your way. It is for your wife's sake."

There was good sense in all she said, and Lionel started off with a fleet foot. Before Lucy had quite gained the Court, she saw him coming back to meet her. He drew her hand within his arm in silence, and kept his own upon it for an instant's grateful pressure.

"Thank you, Lucy, for what you have done. Thank you now and ever. I was too late."

"Is Mrs. Verner gone?"

"She is gone these ten minutes past, Catherine says. A fly was found immediately."

They turned into the house; into the sitting room. Lucy threw off the large shawl and the shapeless green bonnet; as say other women who are about to remain. Lionel stood with

NEWS ITEMS.

THE CAPTURE OF CHARLESTON.—It is understood that the troops for this project have been assigned, the transports for their conveyance selected, the supplies obtained, and all the arrangements so far as relates to the land force completed, and yet the expedition waits. The announcement that seven out of nine Monitors will be ready for action this week affords ground for believing that the popular impatience to possess Charleston will soon be satisfied by the reduction of that hot bed of secession.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—The fulmination of Jeff. Davis against General Butler and the President's proclamation has the first effect to derange the programme upon which the exchanges of prisoners have heretofore taken place. The orders and threats of the great outlaw are directed in violation of the cartel, and the first impulse of the Government was to terminate all proceedings under it. It had been merely agreed to make a general exchange, including soldiers, political prisoners, and sutlers; but until Davis shall satisfactorily explain his intentions, all commissioned officers in our hands will be detained, and only privates and non commissioned officers given up.

J. C. McLEOD has been elected to Congress by the vote of the Norfolk District, Virginia. Mr. McLeod was born in Virginia, but has an F. F. V. however. He started life as a school-teacher, and is said to be well educated and thoroughly competent for the position to which he has been elected. The vote, which was the largest ever given in Norfolk, as large as usual, making the necessary allowance for the males absent in the rebel army or within the rebel lines.

A PEACEFUL REVOLUTION IN TEXAS ANTICIPATED.—Governor Hamilton, who sailed for Texas with Banks's expedition, expects that, so far as this expedition shall operate in Texas, it will result in a peaceful popular revolution rather than in any brilliant operations. He believes most confidently that the Union forces will be welcomed as friends and deliverers.

GENERAL BANKS'S REVIEW TO THE NORTH.—After the arrival of Gen. Banks at New Orleans, the question of the future movements of the expedition was discussed among the general officers in his presence, when he remarked: "Gentlemen, we shall never return as we come, (pointing down the Mississippi,) and we are *not* going to Texas."

MISS JULIA PARDOE, the well known novelist and "budget historian," died at London on the 15th December.

ONE jeweller in New York sold $80,000 worth of Christmas presents. Money has been spent this year with perfect looseness.

RELATIVE DESTRUCTIVENESS OF WAR MISSILES.—From data furnished by certain field hospitals, the following is the ratio relative to 1 less by different Kinds of missiles has been deduced: By cannon balls, 3; by shells, 155; bullets, 800; others undetermined, 35.

THE BATTLE AT FREDERICKSBURG.—The rebel Generals Lee and Longstreet, in conversation with our officers, who went over to bury our dead, say that the bravery and skill of our men "were wonderful and unequalled in history."

M. DE GROOF, of Bruges, asserts that after 11 years' study he has invented the means of flying in the air in any direction, and only needs money to demonstrate it beyond question. The machine is small, he says, and will enable one to move in the air with the swiftness of the swallow and the vigor of the eagle."

FLOUR FROM SORGHUM SEED.—A man in Ohio has succeeded in manufacturing from sorghum seed a very good article of flour, pronounced by all to be superior to buckwheat. The same machinery was used for the latter, with an ingenious alteration.

CORN FOR FUEL.—The Dalzell steam mills at Atlanta, Illinois, are now grinding ear corn for fuel, instead of wood, that article being cheaper, and more easily obtained than either coal or wood.

RUM COMING.—During the month of November 12,000 bales of hemp are shipped from England for the United States.

A BIG HANGING.—It was thought that the thirty-one Indians hung in Minnesota was one of the most extensive executions of the kind on record, but the English have one which exceeds it. An officer and fifteen seamen from the British gunboat Penguin, having landed on the coast of Arabia by invitation of the natives, in order to procure provisions, were barbarously murdered. Seventy of the natives, who were principally concerned in the murders had been captured, and were to be hung.

THE SUPERCEDURE OF BUTLER.—A correspondent of the New York Post says the supercedure of General Butler was done to avoid a diplomatic quarrel with the French Government. The complaints of Louis Napoleon have been contemptuous, and, indeed, of such an insolent character, that more than one member of the Cabinet, for the sake of favor of taking a bold stand upon our rights, refusing any further attempts to pacify a man who seems bent on a quarrel with us.

A BUSINESS LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS.—A business letter from New Orleans, addressed to a gentleman in this city, gives the following interesting items of news:—"I saw Gen. Banks to-day, and had a long talk with him. The Expedition has gone up the river, and he is said that Vicksburg will be taken, and the Mississippi open in less than sixty days. Then we shall have a fair business here, as the country is destitute of everything, and goods of all kinds will be in demand here, and those who have large stocks of goods you can bring out will come to a good market. Gen. Hamilton is now getting up an organized expedition for Texas. It is to leave here in a few days. I guess there will be a chance to make some collections there soon. If Texas is pened for trade many persons here will make fortunes."

HOW DO YOU DO?—That's English and American. "How do you carry yourself?" That's French. "How do you do?" That's Italian. "How do you find yours?" That's German. "How do you fare?" That's Dutch. "How can you?" That's Swedish. "How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian. "How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese. "How do you have yourself?" That's Polish. "How do you live on?" That's Russian. "My thy shadow never be less?" That's Persian;—and all mean much the same thing.

PAPER HANGINGS.—The manufacturing hats in Milford, Conn., has received a new impetus from a discovery by which paper is made so closely to resemble thick cloth or felt as to be very valuable in the manufacture of hats. The paper, it is said, costs but 10 cents each being less than twenty-five cents, and also for its lightness. The inventor, a Mr. Andrews, is still experimenting with a view to some needed improvements in summer hats.

THE Vermont papers are telling of an extraordinary phenomenon which appeared to the people of St. Albans a few nights since. Lake Champlain for miles, and the opposite shore, were mirrored in the sky at an angle of about twenty degrees. Four farms, trees, and other objects on the New York shore were distinctly visible, and the opposite sides of the islands in the lake could be plainly seen. The whole resembled a vast painting, and is said to have been a magnificent sight. The appearance was first seen at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted until the growing darkness hid it from view.

SLAVERY.—Slaves were introduced into Brazil and Peru early in the sixteenth century, soon after the conquest of those countries by Cortez and Pizarro. The first negro slaves were brought into Virginia in 1619, and the first slave ship fitted out from the English Colonies, sailed from Boston in 1646. Their importation was interdicted by law in 1808. In 1775, Rhode Island passed a law declaring the children of all slave mothers to be born free. In 1780, Massachusetts abolished slavery by her bill of rights. In 1784, Connecticut carried the introduction of slavery, and declared all born after the 1st of March of that year to be free at the age of twenty-one. In 1780, Pennsylvania inhibited the introduction of slaves, and declared all born thereafter of slave mothers free. In 1792, New Hampshire abolished slavery; in 1799, New York; and in 1820 New Jersey. In 1862 slavery was abolished in the District of Columbia.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been quiet but firm during the entire week, at previous quotations; some 3000 bbls have been disposed of, mostly for export, at $6@6.12½ for superfine; $6.25@7 for extra; $7@7.50 for extra Lancaster county; $6.75@7.25 for common and good Western extra family, and $8@8.25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands; the sales to the trade have been moderate, within the same range for the low grades superfine extra and extra family, and $8.50@8.75 for high grade fancies, according to quality. The receipts and stocks are on the increase. Rye Flour is dull and selling in a small way at $5.25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce and firm at $3.75 for Brandywine, and $4.25 ₱ bbl for Brandywine. Buckwheat Meal is firm and selling at $3.25@3.50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—There is less Wheat offering, and with a moderate demand, both for shipment and milling, prices are steady; sales of 10,000 bus, mostly at $1.47@1.48 for Western and Pennsylvania reds, in store, including Southern do at $1.48 in the cars, and white from $1.65 to $1.80, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is unchanged, with small receipts, and sales of Pennsylvania at 84@86c, and Southern at 95c. Corn has been plenty and dull, and prices are unsettled and lower, with sales of 28,000 bus at 70@75c for new; 80@80c for mixed, and 82@83c for old yellow. Oats are steady, with further sales of about 35,000 bus at 40@41c for light Pennsylvania, and 42@43c for heavy Pennsylvania and Delaware. Barley is dull, with further small sales at 85c for Pennsylvania and Western, and Barley Malt at $1.50.

PROVISIONS.—There is a moderate demand for Pork with further sales of 1500 bbls, mostly for export at $9@9½, for old mess, the latter for heavy. Beef is steady at $12@15 ₱ barrel for western and city mess. Dressed Hogs are worth $6@6.50 for the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off as wanted at 9@10c for plain and fancy Hams, 8@8½c for Shoulders, and 5½@6¼c for Sides. Green Meats come in slowly, and prices are steady at 8c@8½ for Hams, 6½@7c for Shoulders, and 5@6c for Sides. Lard is firm but quiet at 9½@10c for bbls and tcs, the latter for prime, and 10½@11c for kegs; country stock is wanted. Butter moves off slowly at 16@17c for packed, and 18@20c for roll. Cheese is unchanged, and selling at 10@11c. Eggs are less active and worth 26c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Holders are very firm in their views, with a light stock to operate in, and only a moderate demand from buyers, in small lots, at 55@60c for damaged, 59@60c for ordinary, the latter for Surats, and 61@63c for middling and good middling quality, cash.

SEEDS.—The demand for both Pots and Pearls continues limited, and prices about the same.

BARK.—There is not much Quercitron arriving, and the next No 1 is expected to be offered soon and dull. Tanners' Bark is in demand at quotations.

BEESWAX is unsettled and lower and quoted at 30@40c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The active season is over and there are but few orders coming in for shipment east. Prices remain unchanged.

COFFEE is firm but inactive, the demand being limited and the stock on sale very light; some 800 bags Rio and Laguayra found buyers at 23@23c, cash and time, chiefly of the former at our lowest figures.

COPPER is unchanged. For Yellow Metal prices range at 27c for sheets and 30c for bolts, on time.

FEATHERS continue dull and the sales built of at 62@63c ₱ lb.

FRUIT is steady. Green Apples selling moderately at $1.50@2.50, and Cranberries at 80@12 ₱ bbl. No change in Dried Apples or Peaches worthy of notice.

HAY is selling at 75@85c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—The stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and the market is firm but very quiet.

HOPS move off as wanted at 30@34c ₱ lb, as to quality.

IRON.—There is a fair demand for Pig Metal at previous rates, sales reach about 6000 tons in lots at $30@32 for No 1, and $28@30 for No 2 cash and time, mostly the latter, which is wanted at our lowest rates. Blooms are steady. Manufactured Iron is steady.

LEAD is firm but quiet at 8½c ₱ lb for Galena, and the sales are limited.

LUMBER.—White and Yellow Pine Boards are steady, with a moderate business doing in the way of sales. Laths are scarce and wanted at $1.50@1.62 ½ M.

MOLASSES.—The market is firmer and more active. Some small sales of Cuba are reported at 34½ prices, and a cargo of Porto Rico at 35c, usual credit.

PLASTER is unchanged, and soft is quoted at $3½ ₱ ton and scarce.

RICE.—There is very little offering or selling; we quote Rangoon at 2¾@3c, and Carolina at 5¾@6c ₱ lb.

SEEDS.—There is a fair inquiry for Clovers eed, with sales of 4000 bush at $6.12½@6.25 for fair to prime, and $6.37½@6.40 ₱ bush for selected lots. Timothy is quiet at $3@3.25 ₱ bush. Flaxseed is unsettled, and the crushers are not paying more than $2.30@2.40 ₱ bush.

SUGAR.—Brandy and Gin continue firm, with limited sales of N. E. Rum in bond at 45c. Whiskey is firm, but quiet, and the receipts light; this week at 44c, and drugge at the close.

TEA.—The market is somewhat better, with more disposition to operate, and about 500 bbls have been disposed of at 9½@10½ for Cuba, and 9½@10½ for New Orleans, mostly on the latter, and small lots.

TALLOW is quiet at 10½c for city, and 10½ for country rendered.

TOBACCO.—There is very little doing, and the market is without any alteration to note.

WOOL.—There is very little inquiry from manufacturers, and nothing has been in the market, which is very quiet, and the sales mostly in a small way at 75@75c for fair, and 60@65c for fleece, net, including about 25,000 lbs fine at our lowest figures.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 1650 head. The prices ranged from 6½ to 10 cents ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $18 to 50 ₱ head. 1200 Sheep were sold at from 5½ to 6 cts ₱ lb gross. 1020 Hogs sold at from 6½ to 6.75 ₱ cwt net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

COLLECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South third Street.

Thursday, January 2, 1863.

Alabama	20 prem.	Nebraska	
Commercial	4	New England	1 dis.
Drawers		New Hampshire	1 "
Exchange, Alabama	1 "	New Jersey	1 "
Florida	1 "	N. Y. City	1 "
Georgia	1 "	New York State	1 "
Illinois	1 "	North Carolina	40 "
Indiana	4 dis.	Ohio	2 "
Iowa		Oregon	2 "
Kansas		Oregon Trans. par to	1 "
Kentucky	1 "	Pennsylvania	1 "
Louisiana	1 "	South Carolina	40 "
Maine	1 "	Tennessee	5 "
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	
Massachusetts	1 "	Vermont	1 "
Michigan	1 @2 dis.	Virginia	40 "
Minnesota		Wisconsin	2 "
Missouri			

BANTAM MEN.—TOM THUMB and COM. ID SUTTL with portraits and description in the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*. Why are they so little? [adv.

THE ALABAMA.—Eighteen vessels of war are now engaged in the search for the Alabama, any one of which is a match for her except in speed. The absence of speed, however, makes all the difference. The Alabama is built almost entirely for speed, and is said not to have her equal at running in our marine.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH P. DINAN, to Miss SUSE. THATCHER, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the same, Mr. ADRIAN C. VANARTSDALEN, to Miss MARY A. WOODRUFF, both of Bucks co. Bucks co. papers please copy.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. ROBERT W. PERRY, to Miss MAGDALEN GARTON, both of this city.

On the 29th of Aug. by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. FREDERICK P. LUTZEL, of this city, to Miss MARY C. FLORA, of Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., Mr. DANIEL JAMISON, of Germantown, to Miss MARY BRISTOW, of Philada.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CHARLES EINSWEILER, to Miss CAROLINE FUEMEL, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. G. D. Carrow, Mr. JAMES W SANDORS, to Miss CYNTHIA COPE, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. Barline, Mr. THOMPSON W. HILES, to Miss SALLIE M. SEEDER, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. OCTAVIUS BURNWELL, to Miss MARY JANE RIDDELL, both of this city.

On the 15th of Aug. by the Rev. Dr. Robinson, J. P. HOPKINS, of this city, to Miss ADDIE A. SMITH, formerly of Absecom, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, JAMES COX, Esq. in his 65th year.

At his residence, near Crosswicks, N. J. on 4th day, 31st ultimo, WILLIAM H. ELLIS, in his 60th year.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA WILSON, in her 80th year.

On the 29th ultimo, MARY, wife of the late John Tyson, aged 88 years.

On the 29th ultimo, MARGARET, wife of John T. Scott, in her 60th year.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ANN MACLE, widow of the late John M'ull.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. JOHN KNIGHT, aged 50 years.

On the 27th ultimo, ELIZABETH ANN, daughter of the late Valentine and Barbara Skipton, in her 52d year.

On the 25th ultimo, WILLIAM C. HOWE, in his 53d year.

On the 24th ultimo, MARGARET A. WOOD, in her 23d year.

On the 20th ultimo, MISS ELIZABETH FISHER, in her 72d year.

THE WORKING FARMER,

FOR 1863.

VOL. XV.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION, DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, FLORICULTURE, GARDENING, APPLIED SCIENCE, LITERATURE, THE ARTS and CURRENT EVENTS. Prof. JAS. J. MAPES, Agriculture Editor, assisted by able contributors; published on the first day of each month, at 126 and 132 Nassau St., New York. The subscriber having assumed the publication of the WORKING FARMER, in addition to his own labors as Editor, will enjoy the valuable aid of Prof. J. J. MAPES, the veteran Agriculturist, who we name has been so long and honorably connected with this periodical. Under his editorship, we have full confidence that the WORKING FARMER will continue to diffuse that thorough acquaintance with practical Agriculture, which has placed it so far in advance of its cotemporaries.

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Wit and Humor.

A Word and a Blow: A Tragedy in One Scene.

Scene.—The Banqueting Hall of the Baron's Castle. The moon is outside and shines in through the oriel window. The Baron is supposed to have gone out to dinner, but has returned, unperceived, through the postern-gate, and concealed himself behind the arras. The Baroness hates the Baron, and has determined to fly that evening, and bury herself in a neighboring convent. She enters from her chamber, carrying her dressing-case and other valuables, and encounters the Baron.

The Baroness (*strikes an attitude of surprise and exclaims*)—No!

The Baron (*tauntingly*)—Yes!

[*He motions the Baroness to her chamber.*

The Baroness (*drawing herself up*)—Why?

The Baron (*not being used to opposition*)—What!

[*He lays his hand upon his dagger.*

The Baroness (*turning up a nose already retroussé*)—Pshaw!

[*She crosses the hall.*

The Baron (*glowing with indignation*)—Stay!

The Baroness (*with an attempt of the coolest contempt*)—Well?

[*Moves towards the principal way out.*

The Baron (*in a terrific rage at her conduct*)—Speak!

The Baroness (*pauses, looks back, and with marked emphasis*)—Shan't!

The Baron (*driven to the verge of desperation, rushes to the Baroness, seizes her by the back hair and elevates his dagger*)—Ah!

The Baroness (*not believing him to be in the least in earnest*)—Strike!

The Baron (*being really serious*)—Die!

[*Baron stabs the Baroness.*

The Baroness (*falls, and lays her head upon the dressing case*)—Mur—!

[*Dies.*

[*The moonbeams fall full upon the beautiful face of the Baroness.*

The Baron (*gazes upon her for a few moments, then lights his chamber candle with a lucifer, and opens his chamber door*)—Dead!

[*Exit.*

[*An awful pause of a minute. The Baron is heard to lock his door.*

The Beauteous Baroness (*rises carefully, takes up her jewel case, opens the side door—pauses and looks towards the Baron's chamber*)—Done!

[*Laughs exultingly and Exit.*

PLAYING POSSUM.

Some few years since I witnessed rather a strange scene in Shakespeare's beautiful tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." It was at one of the Western theatres. The piece had passed well without interruption, until the last scene. The character of *Romeo* was excellently enacted and loudly applauded. The very model of the lover was before the tomb of the Capulets, gazing upon the motionless form of her who had so attracted his soul, and meditating upon committing an act which would send his spirit to that undiscovered country where he supposed *Juliet's* had gone. Just as he exclaimed, "Here's to love!" and at the same time raising the vial which contained the poison to his lips, a stalwart young countryman jumped upon the stage, seized him, dashed the vial from his hand, crushing it into atoms, and yelling—

"Yer darned fool! she ain't dead! Only been takin' a little sleepin' medicine. Didn't yer get the parson's letter?"

"Sirrah!" growled out the enraged tragedian, while the house fairly shook with laughter.

"Why, yer gal ain't dead, I tell yer. The way it was, they wanted to make *Julie* marry that chap that," pointing at *Paris* "whose business you have just settled, but I tell you *Joice* war spunk—she got her back right up and vowed she wouldn't do it, even if while she war lying in the vault the ghost of the other fellow whom you kilt should dash her brains out with the bones of some of her dead cousins. Wal, her spunk war up, and she took the stiff the parson fixed, so she could play possum till you got hum. That's the way it war," replied the countryman, given the desperate lover a tremendous poke in the ribs with his elbow, and at the same time loosing his hold.

"Confound the fellow" muttered the raving tragedian, as he stalked behind the scenes.

"Wal, now," said the countryman, fronting the audience, "if that ain't a bettie the dod darned meanest cuss I ever did see, I hope to be swowed. That's all the thanks I git for stopping him from pizenin' himself. I hope to be tarnal'y smashed if ever I go to interfere agin when a feller wants to murder himself," he continued as he clambered back to his seat, just in time to prevent his upper story from coming in contact with the curtain as it descended.

YANKEE STAGE-DRIVER.—The obliging disposition of the Yankee stage-driver is aptly illustrated in the following bit of satire:—

As Mr. J——, the driver, was proceeding from Boston, not long since, a woman called him to take a bedstead on the top without uncording it. He told her he would oblige her the next time he came along, but he could not then, as he had engaged to take on a wind-mill a little ways ahead; and as he had a large cradle on the top at the time, he was afraid he should not have room. Proceeding a little further, he was requested by a woman to wait till she had finished her washing and ironing. He told her he often had to wait for the women to do their ironing, but he could not stand washing and ironing both!

☞ A western editor is so hard put to it for paper that he has been obliged to sell his last shirt in order to supply his paper manufacturer with rags.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

TOMKINS (to Mrs. T., who is nervous about robbers)—"There, my dear, we'll stick that up in the garden while I'm in the city, and I think you may make yourself easy about robbers for the future."

COULD NOT BE CHEATED.

A dealer advertised eye-glasses, by the aid of which a person could easily read the finest print. A well dressed man called at the counter one day to be fitted to a pair of spectacles. As he remarked that he had never worn any, some were handed to him that magnified very little. He looked hard through them upon the book set before him, but declared he could make out nothing.—Another pair of stronger power were saddled upon his nose, but unsuccessfully as before. Further trials were made, until at length the almost discouraged dealer passed to him a pair which magnified more than all the rest in his stock. The customer, quite as impatient as the merchant at having to try so many, put on the last pair and glowered through them at the printed page with all his might.

"Can you read that printing now?" inquired the dealer, pretty certain that he had hit it right this time, at any rate.

"Sure, not a bit," was the reply.

"Can you read at all?" said the merchant, unable to conceal his vexation any longer.

"Rade at all, is it?" cried the customer. "There's not a single word among them that I can identify the futures by."

"I say, do you know how to read?" exclaimed the dealer, impatiently.

"Out wid ye!" shouted the Irishman, throwing down the spectacles in a huff.—"If I could rade, what 'ud I be after buying a pair of spectacles for? Ye chate the purple wid the idea that yer glasses 'ud help 'em to rade print aisy; but it's a big lie, it is! Ah, ye blackguard, ye thought I'd buy 'em without tryin' 'em!"

JOSEPHINE'S RING.

Eugenie's father, during his service with the French army, had selected Paris as his home; and there, too, resided his brother, who left Spain with the ex-King, Charles IV., and his family. Among the latter was a girl of three years of age, (the circumstance occurred 1809,) of the name of Maria, who frequently played in the gardens of the Tuileries, under the supervision of her nurse. On one occasion, a little boy, about a year old, made her a present of a plain gold ring, and neither of her nurses was aware of the fact. As the boy was a stranger, and was not again seen in the gardens, no inquiries were made as to the ownership of the ring, and the little Spanish Countess kept it as a valuable plaything.

This ring was the betrothal ring of Josephine, which little Louis Napoleon, the son of that Hortense whom Napoleon loved so dearly, had taken off his uncle's finger unnoticed. Napoleon soon after marched off to fight the Austrians, and the ring was forgotten; but it was an ill omen for Josephine, who, a year later, had to make way for a daughter of a Hapsburg. Little Maria Montijo felt an inexplicable attachment for this ring, on which the word Josephine was engraved; she took care of it while a child, and when she grew up placed it among her most valued ornaments. She had no idea to whom it had belonged, or that it was the Emperor's nephew who had given it to her. When she attained the age of sixteen, she was married to her uncle, the Duke of Peneranda, and French Colonel of Artillery, in order to re-unite the two branches of the Guzman family, and thus became the mother of Eugenie, who was born on May 5th, 1826. It was another remarkable coincidence, that May 5th was the anniversary of Napoleon's death—the most sacred day to the Bonaparte family.

Eugenie's mother had the date May 5th engraved on Josephine's ring in memory of her daughter's birth, and gave it to her. And it is another remarkable circumstance, that Eugenie, when a child, visited her relations, the Kirkpatricks, in London; and here Prince Louis Napoleon, who had just arrived from Italy as a Carbonaro, formed the acquaintance of the little Montijo. He saw the ring among her ornaments, noticed the inscription, had the date May 5th explained to him, and now knew that Napoleon's lost ring was in the possession of the Countess Eugenie de Montijo. From this day the young fatalistic heir of Napoleon I. regarded the little Countess Montijo Teba as attached to his house by a higher inspiration; and this really came to pass twenty years later. Eugenie, at that time, had no idea of all this; indeed, it was not till a later date when the mother learned the importance of the ring, and the fatalism which Louis Napoleon attached to it, that the Montijo family formed their plan. The old traditional marriage policy of the family made her resolve that Eugenie must form an alliance with the Bonapartes, as soon as a wish to that effect were entertained by the other side. For the present, it was merely a question of marrying a pretender; but the pretender might have aid in advancing it. That is the principal reason why so lovely and rich a girl as Eugenie had attained the age of twenty six, which is doubly dangerous for a Spanish woman without being married. She was chosen to fulfill a "destiny," and in 1848 the family were doubly ambitious to fulfill it, because Napoleon had, in the meanwhile, attained supreme power in France. Even before this period, the predestined couple had met at watering-places, and calumny had already begun to adhere to Eugenie because it was deemed impossible that a Spanish girl should have attained such a ripe age without some gallantry. Hence tempters and speculators swarmed round her; but the fools did not know Eugenie, who was a true Montijo; they did not suspect why this glorious woman allowed the freshness of youth to fade, without accepting one of the offers that were daily made her.

Eugenie attracted Napoleon by her charms; but not for the sake of being loved by him, so much as to satisfy the ambition of the Montijos. She promised him her hand; but he must become a red power in France—Emperor. Still she labored zealously in order to attain this object. She agitated; gained men who admired her over to the Napoleonic cause; and under the mask of an energetic woman made all the preparations for the *coup d'état* with the chief leaders. On that December when it was carried out, she sat with Napoleon at the telegraph instrument. Hence she worked with her own hands in restoring the Napoleon dynasty; and Napoleon never for a moment overlooked the fact. In the case of any eventualities he appointed her regent, for he knew her energy, her sharp-sightedness, her presence of mind, her political foresight, which were eminently displayed during the Italian campaign. He allows her to preside at the council of State; for no one understands so well as she does Napoleon's inmost thoughts, or can judge so well the consequence of events. There is something prophetic about her; and the Emperor regards her as a portion of his fate. She is the head of the clerical and legitimist tendencies in the Napoleonic family; just as Prince Napoleon is the head of the revolutionary ideas.

☞ The religion of some folks is a mere matter of ornament, like the stone gods which rich men set up in their gardens.

☞ Government has 600,000 pounds of "villainous saltpetre" on hand—twice as much as when the war began.

Agricultural.

WESTERN FARMING.

[We find the following in the *Genesee Farmer*. We suppose there is some truth in it—but is not the idea of "the bottom having dropped out of the West," considering the present prices of produce, rather ridiculous?—*Ed. Post.*]

A few days ago we received a pleasant call from a young friend who has for some years been farming it in Central Illinois. "The West," we remarked, "is destined to be a great country." "*Destined* to *be* a great country?" "Why, bless your honest soul, it is a great country. Great in land, great in corn, great in cattle, great in patriots. Illinois has sent 20,000 more men to the war than her quota, and I am come east to see if there is any chance to get drafted!"

"But, tell us, B——, seriously, what have you been about since you and I used to sit down on an evening to discuss the mineral manure theory—you being Leibig and I Lawes?"

"Well, I went to Minnesota. Had a little money, you know. So I loaned it out at three per cent. a month—and got back interest and principal! Great country the West."

"I did not think you would turn Jew. How can any man afford to pay such an exorbitant rate of interest?"

"Why, buy a farm to-day and sell it to-morrow for as much again as you gave for it!"

"Well, what was the result?"

"I bought a farm, and the grasshoppers eat up everything there was on it, and I was thankful that I had money enough left to carry me out of the Territory."

"Our friend then thought he would travel a little and see the West. He is a smart fellow, well educated, a farmer's son, strong and healthy, a wide-awake Yankee, and knows how to turn a hand to anything. He helped to plant corn at one place, at the next he was a carpenter, then a painter, and thus he travelled, working his passage, seeing the country and making a little money. Finally he loaned his money at 20 per cent, and of course "had to take the farm."

He put in a field of wheat, and got thirty bushels per acre, and sold it for a dollar per bushel, cash down!

"And that crop of wheat *ruined* me."

"How was that?"

"I have been sowing wheat ever since hoping for such another streak of good luck. But the crops have been poor and the prices poorer. This year I had but four bushels per acre. Wheat can't be raised at present prices."

"I never could understand how farmers could afford to sell shelled corn at ten cents a bushel. It costs nearly that to husk and shell it here."

"Husk corn! You don't know how to husk. I never saw a man at the east yet that did." "How do we do it?" "Why, drive into a field with a wagon with three men, take two rows on each side, and the one behind taut the wagon has passed over and husk all the good corn about as fast as the horses can walk."

"You don't cut up the corn?"

"Cut up corn! Nobody does that but once, unless you want it for fodder, and it doesn't pay."

"Well, even in this way, I do not see how you can afford to sell corn for ten cents per bushel."

"We can't. Corn cannot be raised for less than twenty-five cents a bushel."

"Well," he continued, "I'm ruined. The bottom's dropped out of the West. I have got two farms, but I am going home and shall tell the old folks if they will give me board and clothes I will stay with them."

WINTERING BEES.

Mr. H. P. Kidder, of Burlington, Vt., has sent his method of keeping bees through our long winters. He advises "a dark, cool, dry, still place, where the temperature is as even as possible, and about 5 degrees above the freezing point, or 35 degrees Fahrenheit." And for the Northern states, he has found no place equal to a dark, dry cellar, which can be kept well ventilated by opening a window or door in the night-time. He disapproves the practice which some resort to, of burying the hives in the ground. We know a very successful bee-keeper in Essex County, N. Y., who arranges his hives for winter in a long and deep trench, over which he places some rails covered with straw and sods. Mr. Kidder thinks the liability to dampness a decided objection. He says:

"In the first of my experience, I was advised to put my bees into a tight dark room in the house. I did so, and the consequence was, I lost many of my bees before spring; during the warm days in the winter, the bees would become very lively, and crawl out of the hives upon the floor, and if there was a ray of light, they were sure to find it, and would there perish: if shut into the hives, they would create such a heat in trying to get out that they would melt their comb, and become drowned in their own sweets. This I found was owing principally to the outside temperature being so changeable, and the want of proper ventilation."—*Independent.*

GIVE HENS MEAT.

The New England Farmer says "It is not generally understood that the hen, being omniverous, requires, to secure fecundity, a very liberal allowance of meat! When enjoying her liberty, in the fields, pastures or door-yards, the principal part of her sustenance is derived from insects, worms, &c. She partakes but sparingly at such times of grain, and often when the article is supplied, leaves it for the more inviting food which nature supplies her with in her favorite haufts. Now, if we confine her where the natural propensity for this description of food can not be gratified, even though we supply the best of grain, and in abundance, she will cease to lay. The privation affects her health, and there will necessarily be an end of profit until this deficiency is supplied. When fresh meat or fresh fish can not be supplied, the common scraps of the butcher, which are hard and compact, and can be kept any length of time, answer the desired purpose."

HOLLOW HORN IN CATTLE.

In the November number of the Farmer I see "A Kent Farmer" asks for a "sure cure" for "hollow horn" in cattle. As I am no doctor, I can not give him a *sure* cure, but will tell him of a "sure" preventive, which is said to be better than a cure for diseases, viz.: breed the horns off of cattles' heads. They are unnecessary appendages on domestic animals, and dangerous in many instances "when cattle do congregate together." They contribute nothing to please the free thinker of sound judgment. Their only desirable quality is to please a badly-educated eye—every thing else pertaining to them forbids the impropriety of cattle burthening their heads with them; and as the ladies have done transferring them to their own heads they can not be fashionable ornaments, and therefore any modest cow will refuse to wear them.—MOOLY, *Clyde, N. Y.*

Useful Receipts.

WATER-PROOF BOOTS.—We have heard of and tested a great many kinds of water-proof blacking for winter boots. Let us tell you what we have tried for two winters, and found to be the best article we know of. When your boots are stiff and you think need oiling, wash them in castile soap-suds—oil before the leather dries (you may use blacking-ball or any kind of grease;) have a saturated solution of gum shellac in alcohol—anybody can make it, as all there is to be done is to dissolve in a pint or half a pint of alcohol just as much shellac as the liquid will take up—and apply this solution with a sponge to the oiled boots. In two or three minutes the shellac will dry and harden, and you will have a coating on your boot through which the water cannot by any possibility penetrate. Try it, reader.

Another receipt is as follows:—One pound of fresh tallow, one ounce of yellow beeswax and one-eighth of an ounce of shell-lac in powder. We have used this article (says the Scientific American) and can vouch for its good quality.

WATER-PROOF POROUS CLOTH.—Several inquiries have been made of us, lately, respecting the mode of preparing cloth to render it water-proof and yet maintain its porosity. Close water proof cloth fabrics, such as glazed oil-cloth, India-rubber, and gutta-percha cloth are completely water-proof, but do not permit perspiration and the exhaled gases from the skin to pass through them, because they are air-tight as well as water-tight. Persons who wear air-tight garments soon become faint, if they are undergoing severe exercise, such as that to which soldiers are exposed when on march. A porous, water-proof cloth, therefore, is the best for outer garments during wet weather, for those whose duties or labor causes them to perspire freely. The best way for preparing such cloth is by the process adopted for the tunics of the French soldiers during the Crimean war. It is as follows:—Take 2½ pounds of alum and dissolve this in 10 gallons of boiling water; then in a separate vessel dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in 10 gallons of water, and mix the two solutions. The cloth is now well handled in this liquid, until every part of it is penetrated; then it is squeezed and dried in the air, or in a warm apartment, then washed in cold water and dried again, when it is fit for use. If necessary, the cloth may be dipped in the liquid and dried twice before being washed. The liquor appears curdled, when the alum and lead solutions are mixed together. This is the result of double decomposition, the sulphate of lead, which is an insoluble salt, being formed. The sulphate of lead is taken up in the pores of the cloth, and it is unaffected by rains or moisture, and yet it does not render the cloth air-tight. Such cloth is also partially non-inflammable. A solution of alum itself will render cloth, prepared as described, partially water proof, but it is not so good as the sulphate of lead. Such cloth—cotton or woollen—sheds rain like the feathers on the back of a duck.

HUMAN TOIL.—The sentence of toil and the promise of glory have issued from the same throne. Even our troubles here may make the material of enjoyments above the circumscription of the earth. All are agents in the restorative mercy of the great Disposer; all turn into discipline. The obstacles to knowledge, the struggles of the heart, the thousand roughnesses of the common path of man, are converted into the muscular force of the mind. We are but sowing in the winter of our nature the seed which shall flourish in immortality.—*Dr. Croly.*

☞ Sorghum affords a substance to make paper of. We think it might prove best fit for love letters and such sweet uses.

☞ Leotard, a French Acrobat, receives a salary twice as large as that of the President of the United States.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 44, 50, 41, 8, 32, was a King of Persia.
My 24, 13, 36, 50, 38, 26, 16, 23, 9, were the founders of Resin.
My 39, 12, 20, 45, 56, 38, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 22, 36, 24, was a son of David.
My 42, 3, was a King of Bashan.
My 13, 33, 34, 37, 35, is a wilderness spoken of in the Bible.
My 21, 2, 51, 54, 26, 44, 30, 9, was a tower in ancient Jerusalem.
My 40, 48, 1, 43, 49, is a desert in Palestine.
My 17, 14, 29, 16, 28, 27, 49, is a mountain in Palestine.
My 5, 4, 6, 9, 15, 48, 55, 47, 10, 2, 22, 23, 36, is a book in the New Testament.
My 48, 1, 18, 16, 15, 11, 38, 15, 19, 32, was a Persian monarch.
My 4, 14, 29, 38, 7, 28, is a city in Judea.
My 3, 26, 55, 29, 53, 48, is a mountain in Galilee.
My 44, 47, 41, 53, 48, is a city in Samaria.
My 52, 2, 3, 4, 46, 50, was the age of Moses when he led the Israelites from Egypt.
My 12, 24, 38, 11, 51, 31, 48, is a city of Sidon.
My 24, 26, 29, 6, 38, 35, 38, is a sea that was crossed by Jesus.

My whole is a Proverb that ought to be remembered.

Tonica, Illinois. IMOGEN A. BARR.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 26, 32, 12, 20, 31, 14, 36, 7, 13, was the mother of the nine muses.
My 1, 10, 9, 34, 30, was son of Jupiter and Europa.
My 19, 16, 18, 12, 25, 2, is another name of Minerva.
My 12, 27, 33, 8, 5, was one of the three judges of the infernal regions.
My 20, 4, 35, 12, 13, 11, 19, was the goddess of Wisdom.
My 33, 22, 15, 34, was the muse of History.
My 26, 12, 3, 8, 14, 2, was one of the Gorgons.
My 25, 18, 13, 16, 21, 30, was daughter of Nereus and Doris.
My 27, 23, 18, 15, 22, 24, 12, 5, was slain by Alexander, son of Priam, the King of Troy.
My 33, 6, 33, 17, 23, 8, 14, was a branch of the fabled river Styx.
My 28, 24, 13, 29, 30, was one of the Nereides.

My whole is an institution of learning in the State of New York. M. A. P.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No feet, nor wings, nor fins have I,
I neither swim, nor walk, nor fly;
I'm neither bread, nor fruit, nor meat,
When rightly cooked, I'm good to eat;
I have no wings, so in the air,
You need not look to find me there;
I have no feet, please understand,
And am not found upon dry land;
From fins and scales I'm also free,
And am not found within the sea;
In one respect I am like gold,
In cities I am often sold;
I live a close, secluded life,
No hermit is more free from strife;
I'm good to roast, to boil, to fry,
Some think I make an extra pie. T. L.

RIDDLE.

What you poor beggar is, transpose,
Part of mankind it will disclose;
Change it again—within a mill,
You'll see it many sacks doth fill:
The self-same letters ranged as last,
Unfold the name of a repast;
And while you sojourn here below,
The want of one may you ne'er know.

CHARADE.

An apron spread over a woman sitting down, and the pert of an insect, make together a kind of singular habits. What is it?

ALGERRAICAL PROBLEM

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Two travellers, A and B, set out from two different cities, C and D, and travel by the same road towards each other. A left C for D at the same time B left D for C. When A had travelled 204 miles, he *overtook* a drove which was proceeding one mile an hour slower than himself; B *met* the same drove 14 hours afterwards. When B had travelled 280 miles, he was overtaken by an express which was proceeding one mile an hour *faster* than himself; A *met* the same express 35 hours afterwards. A met B just 4 hours *after* the drove and express met. Required—the hourly speed of A and B, and the distance from C to D? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The altitude of a cone is 20 feet, and the radius of the base is 5 feet. Required—the radius of the greatest sphere that can be cut from it, and also the radius of the next one above the first?

Verona, Illinois.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a windy orator like a whale? Ans.—Because he often rises to spout.

☞ CON. BY A COCKNEY CONTRIBUTOR.—What is the difference between a bomb and a hangman? Ans.—One is a *shell* and the other a *holder*.

☞ What are you sure to get if you upset a hive? Ans.—Bees' whacks!

☞ Why is a Northern flirt like a Southern rebel? Ans.—Because she's fond of Beau-regard.

☞ What is the difference between the late Mr. Patch and a postage stamp? Ans.—One was an S. Patch and the other is a U. S. patch—that's all.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—Luther Tucker, Albany, N. Y. ENIGMA.—The Saturday Evening Post. CHARADE.—Patriarch (Pa-try-ark). CHARADE.—Pen knife. CHARADE.—Mistrust (mist-rust).